NEW YORK CLIPPER

Vol. V.—No. 32. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1857. Four Cents.

JOE COBURN.

HARRY GRIBBIN.

JOE COBURN AND HARRY GRIBBIN, THE TWO CONTESTANTS IN THE LATE FIGHT IN CANADA.

For full report see inside.

GREAT BATTLE,

BETWEEN THE LION NERO, AND SIX DOGS,

AT WARWICK, ENGLAND, JULY 19, 1825.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE COMBAT.

At five o'clock the spectators began to arrive at the factory, and to pay for their admission; but the number was by no means commensurate with Mr. Wombwell's expectations. A vast number were collected who would willingly have paid their half-crowns or crowns, but the favors of these customers were positively refused. Shortly before seven there might be about six or seven hundred persons present in all the departments of accomodation, and these mainly consisted of the gentlemen resident in the neigborhood. It was amusing to see with what anxiety those seats were chosen which were more distant from the lion, from an apprehension that the unfortunate animal might break forth, and take revenge on his tormentors.

At seven o'clock, Mr. Wombwell having made the necessary dispositions of his customers, announced his intention to begin, and immediately proceeded to enter the den, which he was enabled to do with perfect facility through the railings. His appearance was hailed with applause. The shutters which had been put in front of Nero's caravan were then removed, and discovered a man confined with him. The noble animal threw a sort of placid and inquiring look around, but seemed quite unconscious of the scene in which he was about to form so prominent an actor. The bars which separated the caravan from the den were then lifted up, and Nero went into the latter to joinhis master, who, like a second Daniel, walked about with great gravity, armed only with a small switch. The applause was now renewed, and the band of music struck up "Rule Britannia." It was now ten minutes after 7, and the spectators began to manifest a little impatience. Mr. Edwards was then desired to bring forth his dogs, and he immediately came forward with the three which were to make the first assault. They were all confined with collars and iron chains. Edwards himself held Turk, a brown colored dog, weighing about 36lb. This was the animal which had been fighting another dog, and its head was severely lacerated and much swelled. Wedgbury held Captain, the fallow white dog, which weighed about 50lbs., and Davis handled Tiger, the brown dog with white legs, which weighed nearly 60lbs. Turk was a thorough-bred bull, and the other two were half-bred between a bull and a mastiff.

The men took their stations at the bottom of the inclined platform leading to the cage, and in front of the lion, whose attention was immediately attracted by the barking and anxious stretching of the dogs, endeavoring to break loose to commence the attack. At this time, Mr. Wombwell remained in the den, and it was not till repeatedly called to by the crowd that he came out, and left Nero alone.

THE FIRST ASSAULT.

The words "let go" were now given, and the dogs were brought half way up the platform, while Nero crouched at full length with his face towards them, and his paws straight before him, but there was nothing of hostility in his look, nor did he seem to apprehend any danger. At last Turk was let slip, and with the rapidity of lightning he rushed up the platform, through the bars, and directly into the lions mouth, which was opened to receive him. Captain and Tiger were instantly with him, and seizing Nero by the nose, forced him to rise, and thus extricated Turk, who did not seem to have received any injury. Nero now turned round to evade his assailants, and for a moment freed his head from their attack; but Turk rushed to his front, and dashing at his under lip seized it with a firm grasp. Captain and Tiger came up to his assistance, and followed his example; but Nero pawed them off and struck his talons into their hides, and then making another desperate effort, once more extricated himself—roaring with affright and pain. Turk, however, was not to be shook off, and with the most dauntless courage he darted at Nero's nose, and succeeded in making a pin, while Captain caught his lip. Tiger also made a rush, but he caught rather at the shaggy main of Nero, than at the nose, and while in this situation, he received a severe slap on the head from Nero's paw, which made a deep incision; he instantly retired to a respectful distance, and contented himself with loud barking, while his more courageous companions continued the attack. Nero broke away, and got to the cornor of the den, and if he could have escaped, he no doubt would; for it was clear he was acting only on the defensive. He never once attempted to bite his assailants, or he must have instantly rendered them powerless. Turk returned to display his uncommon game, and repeatedly pinned the lion. He was well seconded by Captain, but both received severe scratches on the heads and shoulders, and it frequently happened that while one was held by the crook of Nero's claw, which fastened in his ear or skin, the other continued bravely to attack. In vain did Nero endeavor to free himself from his assailants, they continued their attack, till at last Turk got into such a position, that Nero actually laid upon him and held him down with his paw, while he paused for wind. The dogs were also winded, and Captain stood at bay for a few seconds—while Tiger, who proved to be a complete cur, was pulled off the stage. Captain was now encouraged to renew the attack, and he once more darted at Nero's nose. Nero jumped up, and roared with pain, and Turk was set free, and again rushed to the assault. Nero retreated, but was pursued, and as he sat on his haunches, he was repeatedly bitten by Turk and Captain, in spite of his exertions to put them off with his paws, in which exertion he frequently struck his claws into their skin, and inflicted deep wounds. Nero once more broke away, but was still closely pursued and more especially by Turk, who although reduced to a shocking state from the opening of the wounds in his head, and the infliction of new scratches, rushed to his antogonist's nose, and repetedly held his under lip in his teeth. Captain was also engaged with great courage, but at this period of the battle, he received such a scratch on the side of the head, that he made up his mind to retreat, and bolting through the railings, was caught by Wedgbury, and having turned tail he was not permitted to return. Turk was now alone with Nero, and was still undismayed; he followed him from corner to corner, and renewed the attack, till at length Nero again got him under his paw on the stage, and held him in a quiescent state. Mr. Wombwell, who seemed greatly agitated, now mounted the side of the den to encourage Nero, who regarded him, as we might say, with an upbraiding look. Turk at this instant extricated himself from his confined position, and mangled as he was, renewed the assault, while the spectators cried "Shame, take him away." Nero, still unconscious of his power, retreated on the defensive, and roared with pain, and at last Edwards, watching an opportunity, seized Turk by the leg and drew him out, although still disposed to continue the fight, and immediately claimed the victory for the dogs in consequence of the lion having "turned tail." The majority, however, was against so quick a conclusion of the sport, and Nero was distined to sustain another and more ferocious attack, while every care was taken of Turk, who certainly displayed unparalleled bravery from first to last. The assault lasted 11 minutes.

Poor Nero enjoyed a cessation of hostilities—his lips and nose exhibited several marks of the teeth of his assailants, and he was a little distressed, but still there was nothing of anger in his looks, no lashing of his sides with his tail, nothing of that loud roaring which natural history describes as indicative of the passion of his species.

Mr. Wombwell now came forward and entered the den amidst loud huzzas. Nero scarce noticed him until he procured some water in a tin vessel, which he held to him to lap, and the remainder of which he threw in his face. The quietness with which the poor animal conducted himself at this moment gave additional evidence of the natural docility of his disposition, and of the fact of his anger never having been roused. After Mr. Wombwell had retired, he walked about for a short time, and then lay down to rest.

The attention of Mr. Wombwell was next called to the entrance of a vast crowd which had broken into the factory at a vulnerable point next the Race-course. They all rushed towards the centre of the area, but Mr. Wombwell having called together his men, he commenced an attack upon the intruders, and succeeded in driving the greater part of them back, administering to many of them severe chastisement as they retired. It was a matter of surprise, that a mob so immense could have been kept in subjection by so small a force. Had a similiar occurrence taken place in London, it would have been impossible to have resisted the rush of the populace. The time occupied by this *fracas* gave additional advantage to Nero, who thus obtained upwards of twice the time which it was stipulated he should have between the assaults. At length there was a general cry of "Time! time!" and Mr. Edwards received instructions to bring forward his second set of dogs. The dogs were immediately brought forth. Nettle, a brindle bull bitch, weighing 32lbs.; Rose, a brindle pied bull bitch, with only one eye, weighing 34lbs.; Nelson, a large white dog, between a bull and a mastiff, weighing 70lbs. All these dogs were allowed to be better than the first set, and it was therefore pretty certain that Nero, contrary to the sanguine expectations of Mr. Wombwell, would be conquered. Still it was imagined by some that the repetition of attack would call forth his energies more decidedly, and that by the full exertion of his natural powers he might yet be successful.

SECOND ASSAULT.

Shortly before eight the assailants were placed on the platform, held as before by iron chains till the words "Let go" were given. They manifested the greatest impatience to commence the attack, while Nero, roused by their howlings, stood in the centre of the den, regarding them with a steadfast look. Nelson was first let loose, and in a second he caught poor Nero by the nose. Nettle and Rose followed, and as quickly made for the same point. Nero roared terrifically, and, as before, endeavored to paw them off. He succeeded with some little difficulty, inflicting some severe scratches. He then ran round the bars, as if endeavoring to find an avenue for escape; but the dogs followed him, and, rushing to his front again, seized him in the tender place, Rose endeavored to catch him by the tongue, but only seized his lip. Once more did Nero shake them off, inflicting sundry wounds with his talons, and the dogs were bleeding in various parts of their heads and bodies. Nero pursued his retreating system, and ran round the den, amidst cries of "He's beaten, he's beaten!" At this moment he was bleeding profusely from the nose and mouth; and the seconds of the dogs, watching an opportunity, drew them out, and insisted that they had won. Mr. Wombwell denied that his lion was beaten, and an appeal was made to the umpires; but there appeared to be only one in attendance. A good deal of mock or real altercation followed, and at last it was agreed there should be a

THIRD ASSAULT.

And the dogs were for the last time led to the platform, all eager for the affray, and in no respect dismayed by Nero, who, in fact, had only continued his defensive system, making no use whatever of his teeth, and using his paws only to push off his determined assailants.

The dogs, at the signal given, made a simultaneous rush, and at the same instant seized the unhappy Nero by the nose, pinned him at once to the floor. Nero succeeded for a moment in shaking them off, but this tended only to increase his own punishment, for they returned to the assault with renewed ferocity, again pinned him at the same instant, and dragged him in an exhausted state close to the railings, where he roared with agony. The victory of the dogs was now evident to all, and Mr. Wombwell admitted himself that his lion had no chance. The moment this admission was made, the dogs were taken away, and Nero was left alone. The poor fellow stood up evidently worn out in spirit and body; the blood flowed copiously from his wounds, and as he paced slowly backwards and forwards, he seemed to be in terror every moment lest the attack should be renewed. Mr. Wombwell, whose mortification was sufficiently apparent, again entered the den with water, which he threw over the lion's head—a ceremony which rather increased than diminished his alarm. A short time was then allowed to elapse to permit the crowd to view the effects of the battle, after which the caravan was drawn to the side of the den, and the door of communication having been opened, Nero, with alacrity, took refuge in this sanctary, which was immediately closed. The last two assaults did not occupy more than five minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.

It was evident throughout, that the domestic state in which the lion had been brought up, completely disqualified him for combat. He had no confidence in himself, and may be said rather to have resisted prosecution, than to have fought the dogs. As an exhibition, it could only be considered as an experiment, and from the want of courage on the part of the lion the interest was greatly diminished.

With the exception of Turk, the dogs are all doing well,

although they bear strong marks of the mischief which their noble antagonist might have done had he been conscious of his powers. For the other dogs, with the exception of Tiger, large prices have been offered, and no doubt their fame will enable their proprietor to bring them to a good market.

It was nine before the whole of the ceremony were concluded.

Mr. Wombwell gave notice on Friday of another lion fight, which was to take place last night between the lion Wallace and six dogs, for one hundred sovereigns a side. In this fight, two dogs only were to be let loose at a time, and twenty minutes were to be allowed between each attack. Mr Edwards, who handled the dogs at the last fight, made the match.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1857.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEMAX, Chesnut Hill.—The origin of the first we are unable to give you, but the "Tiger" that usually accompanies our three cheers, originated, according to the Boston Gazette, as follows:—In 1822, the Boston Light Infantry, under Capt. Mackintosh and Lieut. Robert C. Winthrop, visited Salem and encamped in Washington square, and during their stay a few of the members indulged in sports incidental to camp duty, when some visitor exclaimed to one who was a little rough, "Oh you tiger?" It became a catch word and as a term of playful reproach, "You're a Tiger," was adopted as one of the peculiar phrases of the corps. On the route to Boston some musical genius sang an impromptu line "Oh, you Tigers, don't you know" to the air of "Rob Roy McGregor oh!" Of course the appellation soon induced the Tigers by name to imitate the actions of the tiger, and the "growl" was introduced, and at the conclusion of three cheers "a tiger" was invariably called for. In 1826 the Infantry visited New York, being the first volunteer corps to make a trip from this city to another State, and while there the Tigers, at a public festival, awoke the echoes and astonished the Gothamites by giving the genuine howl. It pleased the fancy of the hosts and gradually it became adopted on all festive and joyous occasions, and now "three cheers and a tiger" are inseparable demonstrations of approbation in that city.

NEW YORKER IN DETROIT.—"A man bet me that he could run one mile in five minutes and ten seconds—he just reached the end of the mile in exactly that time; now, in that case isn't it a draw? To win I contend that he must reach the winning score inside of the time. It is left for you to decide." The bet seems so plain to us that we wonder how any dispute could arise upon the subject. The man bet that he could do the mile in such time—he ran the distance in that time exactly—what more is needed? He wins the bet beyond all cavil. We sympathise with the New Yorker in Detroit, but he must pay up.

GAME OF QUOITS.—The game as generally played here, is according to the following rules:—Distance, as may be agreed upon, seldom exceeding 18 yards; pointed hob, of iron, some three or four inches out of the ground, and sunk deep enough to resist the stroke of the quoit, to measure from bare iron to bare iron; when two quoits touch the hob, the upper one has the count, &c.

P. J., Boston.—"Was it John Stetson, of Boston, that recently run a foot race in Buffalo, with some Indians, and was defeated, or was it some runner that merely took that name to draw a crowd." The runner was Stetson, of your city. We saw him in this city just before he left for Buffalo, and we received a letter from him after he arrived there.

P. G., Uxbridge, Mass.—1. The address has been changed, according to your direction. 2. George Nichols fought several battles in the prize ring, but he was not looked upon in the same light as Cribb, Spring, or such men. When he defeated Cribb, the latter was not Champion, neither was the fight for the Champion Belt.

CLEVELANDER.—The price of "Fights for the Championship," is $2 50. If you wish it, we will forward it to you. We charge no commission for attending to these little matters for our friends. Your letter did not reach us in time to reply in our last. The report of the race we received through another source.

JAS. WATERS.—"What was the time made when Lady Moscow, Rocket and Lantern trotted together in the fall of last year, on the Union Course—it was a race of two mile heats—to decide a bet." First heat, 5:08¾; second, 5:11¾.

PETE RAMSAY, Chicago.—The two 39's, being the highest throws made, are certainly entitled to the two prizes. It would be a hard case, indeed, because of a tie, that the two best throws should be thrown out.

PIONEER.—The chances were all in our favor for the Goodwood Cup, and we state now, as we have repeatedly stated before, that, if Prioress had been properly ridden on that occasion, our belief is that Mr. Ten Broeck would have been the owner of the Goodwood Cup.

AN OLD READER, Philadelphia.—1. By visiting the poultry exhibition, shortly to be held in your city, at Jayne's Hall, you may be able to procure the very article you want. 2. Fistiana will cost you $1; Boxiana, $20 to $25. If you wish them, drop us a line.

J. MCCONNELL.—According to the naturalization laws, the minor children of any one duly naturalized, if dwelling in the United States, are citizens. In your case, therefore, it is not necessary to take out papers.

W. B., Reach, C. W.—The only way to account for the Nos not reaching you, is, that they may have been levied upon by some of the *attaches* of the P. O. department. We have forwarded the missing Nos.

CHICAGO.—Hyer and McCluskey fought but one battle together, that at Cauldwell's Landing. We have no knowledge of McCluskey being engaged as principal in any other battle but that one.

AN OLD SUB, Buffalo.—The second you refer to was at one time Gribbin's trainer, as stated by your friend. Whatever we may have to say upon the subject will be found in our report of the fight.

PRIOR, Cheltenham, Pa.—1. Most certainly they run horses for money, in the State of New York. 2. Lancet's best time in trotting a mile is 2:25. 3. The best pacing time of Pocahontas is 2:17½.

NEWS DEALER, Philadelphia.—There were 16 rounds fought in the contest between Hyer and Sullivan, and the time occupied was 17 minutes.

A STEEL PENNE, Philadelphia.—Having received your last letter, with your name attached, we publish the communication alluded to in our last.

TOYIS, Providence, R. I.—ALL FOURS.—"A deals the cards, and turns up a club; B begs; A runs them, and turns up Jack of clubs. Does that Jack count?" Yes.

CONSTANT READER.—"Please inform me if Fashion ever ran over the Union Race Course, after her great race with Peytona." Yes—she was afterwards beaten by Passenger on the Union Course.

ATLANTIC.—The Savannah was the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic.

T. COSTELLA, Prince Edwards Island.—Money received. There are no other pictures in the market at present.

C. T. A., New Orleans.—Mr. Mackey is not in New York at present; when last we heard of him he was in Canada.

SARANAC, Philadelphia.—EUCHRE.—Where all the tricks are secured by partners, two points only are allowed to their score.

W. S. S., Milwaukie.—The man is expected to pay his own training expenses, if he is able.

INQUIRER, Boston.—Trinity Church steeple is higher than Bunker Hill Monument.

ATALANTA, Georgia.—1. The English race horse Eclipse was never beaten. 2. The Fashion Course, L. I., is one mile.

P. P.—"When was the Croton water first supplied to the city of New York?" In the year 1842.

SUBSCRIBER, Natchez.—Mr. Baker is not in prison; the juries that tried him failed to agree, and he was subsequently admitted to bail.

SERGEANT, Northumberland, Pa.—Will appear in our next.

R. T.—The salary of the Governor of New York is $4,000.

WILLIE WAGTAIL, Philadelphia.—See our report of the fight.

C. JONES, New Orleans.—Thank you for the items.

OLE BULL.—Consult some legal authority.

RED EAGLE, Hamilton, C. W.—Bendigo, we believe, is still living.

J. P. A., Charleston, S. C.—See ring department.

J. L., Boston.—Too late, we fear, for the Pictorial.

TENNESSEE.—Will reply in our next.

B. J.—He was knocked out of time—see report of the fight.

INQUIRER, New Castle.—He is a native of this State.

OUR PICTORIAL.—We are now preparing matter for our forthcoming Pictorial. If any of our readers have records of extraordinary events, in fast time, novel feats, &c, &c., they will greatly oblige us by forwarding a copy of the same, well authenticated, that the same may be incorporated in our "Time Table."

QUOITING.—MR. QUEEN: Having seen in your valuable columns of last week a challenge from Mr. Lamb, at Burton's Eagle Saloon, Pittsburgh street, Cleveland, Ohio, to play any man in the United States a game of quoits, from 7 to 11 yards, for $100, I beg to say that I will play the said Mr. Lamb a game, 9 yards, clay ends, 61 up, pins 3 inches from the ground, each man to find his own quoits, for the sum of $100 and no less, or any other man in the United States of America. J. A. FAVRISH, The "Pacific,"
489 Washington street, opposite Spring street Market, New York.

HAND BALL.—A match of hand ball is to be played at the Ball Court, 92 Crosby street, between John Tubbs and Maurice Hayes, for $50 a side, to come off on Monday next, Nov. 30th, at 10 o'clock A. M.

HEAR THEM.—Some of the "praise-God-bare-bones" of the "respectable press" are in great tribulation on account of the recent appointment of Messrs. Thomas Hyer and James Irwin, to lucrative positions under the new Street Commissioner. Equal astonishment was manifested by those same gentry when Mr. Wilson was elected Alderman of the First Ward; but Mr. Wilson proved himself worthy of the confidence of his constituents, and some of his actions in the Board of Alderman have been heartily commended by brother Greeley, of the *Tribune*, who had been extremely bitter in his opposition to the election of Mr. W., when that gentleman was first nominated. Messrs. Hyer and Irwin are worthy the positions assigned them, or Mr. Conover would not have selected them. Our sporting friends are better suited to the offices they hold than many who have preceded them.

Speaking of appointments, we understand that a person from Boston, who has been in this city but a few months, has recently received an appointment in the New York Custom House. Are there no residents of this city to reward for their services, without bringing unknown parties from other cities? The situation under notice might be more worthily filled by one of the legitimate sporting fraternity of this city.

GOING IT ALONE.—We notice that Mr. Justice Welsh has retired from all editorial connection with the *Leader*, in the publication of which he has, for some time past, been associated with Messrs. Clancy and Morford. In his retirement from the excellent journal which his gentlemanly bearing and industry assisted so materially in raising to its present position, we wish the worthy Judge continued prosperity. Our young friend Clancy, who has assumed the entire editorial control of the *Leader*, has our best wishes for his future success. Mr. Clancy is one of the most popular men in New York, and is steadily working his way to fame and fortune. We are pleased to learn that the services of Mr. Henry Morford have been retained. Mr. Morford is a vigorous writer, and never tires in the "literary barness."

"MARK! MARK!—SEE THE KNIVES!"—The "respectable press" have been so busy, during the past week, in chronicling the many assassinations by the knife and pistol that have taken place in this city, that they have altogether lost sight of the manly prize fight between Gribbin and Coburn, and have actually suffered it to pass without their usual comments on the "brutality of the prize ring." They begin to see, at last, that there is very little danger to be apprehended from pugilists. The knife, the pistol, and the bludgeon are the weapons they have so much cause to fear—not the naked fist. Let us have more advocates of the manly art of self-defence, and we will have less midnight assassinations.

BETTING ON THE ELECTION.—The election next week for Mayor and other city officers promises to be one of the most closely contested we have had here for some time. The strife between the partisans of Wood, the present Mayor, and those of Tieman, the new nominee, will be one of the events long to be remembered in the annals of New York. The following offer to bet on the result has been made, but we have not yet been informed whether the offer has been accepted:

NEW YORK, Nov. 20, 1857.—The undersigned is prepared to bet from one hundred to five thousand dollars that Fernando Wood will be elected Mayor at the next ensuing election, or one thousand against five thousand, or in that proportion, that he will have ten thousand majority. M. GOODERSON, No. 9 City Hall Square.

OUR PICTORIAL will be ready some time during the ensuing week. Already we have received orders for more than we had ordered for our first edition; but we hope to fill every order in good season, and to this end we have already increased our first order to our printers. Price only six cents; for sale by all news dealers throughout the country.

THE SEASON OVER.—The regular racing season in England is now over, and our horses have made their last appearance on the British turf for the present. It is the opinion that Mr. Ten Broeck will probably shortly return home, and make fresh engagements for the campaign of 1858.

A MEETING OF SPORTSMEN—CLUB FORMED.—*Mr. Queen:* An adjourned meeting of Sportsmen was held last evening, at Charles Westhoff's large room, near Market street Bridge. The Club, as constituted, will hold a stated meeting every Tuesday Evening. The meeting adjourned to convene on Tuesday evening next, at which time, important business will be submitted, and committees report. The members associate themselves for the accomplishment of the following purposes: 1st. To commemorate Christmas. 2d. To protect Sportsmen. The Constitution forms the body into a Club, to be known by the name or title of "THE YOUNG SPORTSMEN'S CLUB."

Sportsmen, generally speaking, have the same gift that God gave Solomen, "largeness of heart." Noble Philadelphians! The formation of such an association is worthy of the best day of Roman fortitude. It is true, the sportsmen of our city have always distinguished themselve in every enterprise best calculated to create renown. There are many applicants, but, it may be proper to state, that few are chosen. Those people who assail sportsmen should be rebuked by the greatest castigation that the law of the land can afford. Many of the men in our city who abuse sportsmen, are those only who "love darkness rather than light." The entire proceedings in connection with the meeting will be sent to you after its adjournment. This is a laudable movement on the part of my countrymen, "the sons of thunder," and I am always happy to communicate to you the proceedings of any happy result, at which our great sportsmen arrive. Yours truly, GEORGE FENNER.
Philadelphia, Nov. 17.

PIGEON SHOOTING IN VIRGINIA.—Blackheath Collieries, Chesterfield County, Va., Nov. 23, 1857.—DEAR FRANK: My attention being arrested by the announcement (in the CLIPPER of the 7th inst.) that a Pigeon Shooting match was to come off on Saturday, the 14th, (at the above-mentioned place,) I spared no little pains to ascertain the exact time and place, having no acquaintance with either of the professors *of the trigger*, viz: John Welsh and David Whitehouse. On my arriving at the place appointed, my attention was directed to a crowd of spectators who had assembled for the purpose of witnessing a *trial of skill* at pigeon shooting. Being fond of this invigorating sport, I mingled with the crowd, and soon found anxiety depicted in every feature of the combatants. Preliminaries being arranged, Mr. Whitehouse led off, and the summary will show what credit is due them as *trigger professors*. I must say that, on the part of Mr. Welsh and his adherents, fear was their presiding genius; hence the wrangling and the efforts made to bring the match to an inglorious termination. On the other hand, Whitehouse exhibited a very accommodating mood, thereby giving them no chance to *save their pewter* by any non-sportsmanlike means. I understand that Whitehouse procured birds from that Prince of Counties, *Old Berks*, Pa., and I should not wonder, for they certainly were quick as the lightning's glare, on the wing; "regular blue rocks," almost bidding defiance to the leaden messengers of death. They were to shoot at 15 birds each, 21 yards rise, and 60 yards fall, 1¼ oz. shot, from ground trap; found and trapped birds for each other; for $100 a side. The following is a correct summary:

David Whitehouse.....	1	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	—8 out of 13
John Welsh	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	—4 out of 12

Mr. W. was unfortunate—two of his birds fell dead out of the boundary. Mr. Welsh's 7th bird flew *two hundred yards out of bounds*, and *came in*, and was shot and claimed by the party. (*Quere*—Was he entitled to same according to the rules of pigeon shooting? By answering same you will much oblige and satisfy the wishes of many of your readers, who hail the CLIPPER as the oracle of sporting veracity.) [Was not entitled to it.—ED. CLIP.) Thus terminated the day's amusement. The weather was favorable. The pewter changed hands, and all hands retired to their respective abodes.

Immediately after, another match was made between the same men, to shoot on the Monday following, at 12 o'clock, at ten coppers each, for $10 a side, each man to toss his own coppers. The following is the result:

D. Whitehouse, winner, by making 6 shots to Mr. Welsh's 10.

Thus ended the day's shooting, *and the pewter safely slided* into Whitehouse's *pocket*. A LOOKER ON.

SPORTS IN CLEVELAND.—Cleveland, November 19th, 1857.—The 5 mile Trotting match for $500, between Lady Teazel and Olive Rose, over the Forest Grove Course, in this city, came off on Tuesday, 17th inst. The following is the summary:

Forest Grove Course, Cleveland, Ohio.—Match for $500—single dash 5 miles in harness.

Amos Monroe (A. F. Myers) b. m Lady Teazle	1
John White (N. Hilliard) br. m. Olive Rose	0

Time, 1st mile, 3; 2d, 2:56; 3d, 2:57; 4th, 2:56; 5th, 2:52; total, 14:41

The Brown mare was decidedly the favorite, having beaten the Lady in their first race with apparent ease; but the Bay at that time was not in condition to go, and this time she was herself, and showed the natives whether she could or not. She passed Rose in the first quarter, was never headed again during the race, and came in nearly an eighth of a mile ahead. She made but one skip during the race. The friends of Rose were very "sweet" on her, and consequently got a "high fall," quite a nice little pile changed hands on the result. We saw several *cholanmely* looking individuals, and several if not more who "smiled." Lady Teazel is matched against a black horse, (name not recollected,) owned in this city, by one of our merchants, to go a single dash of five miles, in harness, on Saturday, Dec. 5th, the owner of the Lady staking $200 to $100.

TOM DAVIS gave a sparring exhibition (as formerly announced) at Youngstown, Ohio, on Saturday eve., 14th inst., they had a very fair house, all things considered; but the place is too small to give an exhibition of this kind in. Davis has opened a school here, and has a fine room for the purpose. Yours, CLEVELANDER.

HURDLE JUMPING AND FOOT RACE.—Mickey Free and Wm. Townsend, the Oxford Deer, ran a ten mile foot race over the Trotting Park, Hartford, Conn., on the 17th. The men were to jump 500 hurdles in the course of the race—if either one knocked down six of them, he was to lose the race; the hurdles were 34 yards apart. The following is the time of the several "rounds" on the half mile track,—both men making nearly the same time, and keeping close together. First half mile, 3:47; second, 4:00; third, 4:05; fourth, 4:03; fifth, 3:44; sixth, 4:19; seventh, 4:18; eighth, 4:20; ninth, 4:20; tenth, 4:19; eleventh, 4:26; twelfth, 4:32; thirteenth, 4:30; fourteenth, 4:30; fifteenth, 4:28. At the conclusion of the fifteenth round, Townsend having knocked down his sixth hurdle, the race was declared to be won by Mickey Free. Seven miles and a half were run in one hour four minutes and twenty seconds.

Sporting Matters in Detroit.

Detroit, Nov. 20, 1857.

EDITOR CLIPPER—*Sir:*—Sporting appears to be an inherent principle in human nature—it has been a ruling passion in all ages, and all countries, civilized and savage, from the era of the olympic games to the present day. Hunting has been a favorite sport, in the jungles of India, on the mountains of Tibbet; in the arid swamps of Africa; in the valley of the Mississippi; on the banks of the Missouri; on the fertile plains of old England, and on the brown hills of Scotland. To let the readers of the CLIPPER know how the fair city of the Straits stands as regards sporting, I will give a sufficient view of what has been done in that line this last season. In the first place, there is a Pigeon shooting club, with nearly 40 members, and during the last three months 6000 pigeons have been shot at from the trap—it would be invidions to mark out any particular individual as the best shot—suffice it to say that all have shot respectably, and many first-rate; John Hatch, Esq., an excellent sportsman and first-rate shot, is President.

PRAIRIE SHOOTING, Duck, Snipe, and Woodcock, has its votaries, the chief of whom is Dr. Wm. Paton, Wm. Tobin, Joe Cristi, John Hatch, et cetera.

CRICKET is also making rapid strides among the old country citizens, while Young America has hoisted the stars and stripes in the hope of a juvenile club, under the tutorship of the accomplished Mr. Giddy, an old cricketer from England. If they continue to improve as they have done this last summer, good things may be expected of them next season.

PEDESTRIANISM is in the ascendant—some of the fleetest of bipeds that ever toed the scratch, either in this country or in Europe, are amongst us, to wit, John Wilox, the fastest hundred yard runner in England a few years ago; Henry Gordon, the sporting butcher; and Capt. Brown, the Squire Osbaldeston of America, as far as the patronage of legitimate sports are concerned.

QUOITING has been practiced to some extent, and several interesting matches have taken place between those two accomplished players, Professor Goodall, and Walter Paton, the champion player; both can throw the discus with that mathematical precision, as did William Tell when he split the apple on his sons head.

A REGATTA is now being arranged, and several beautiful racing gigs have arrived from New York, and next season they will be floating upon the bosom of Detroit's dark blue rushing river, manned by some of her choicest spirits.

HORSE RACING is a disgrace to the State of Michigan, supported only by blacklegs and the lowest class of society.

There is now on the tapis a plan for the organization of a club for the purpose of reviving the ancient games of Scotland. It is under the superintendance of McRay, Esq., a scion of a noble house, and one well skilled in the gymnastic art, and being of atheletic mould, will prove a hard customer to contend against. Tossing the caber, and throwing the hammer, is his feat. A distinguished veteran piper, Wm. More, has tendered his valuable services to the society; he was formerly piper to the late Earl of Fife, and has in his days of yore made the pibroch resound to the piper's loud number on his native mountains of Braemar. David McClain, the famous bowler, and Capt. Brown, is willing to give their experience, both having tilted successfully in many a tournament. Judge Burns, the celebrated Gillie Callieur, or sword dancer, is to be secretary, while John Paton, the great Cumberland wrestler, and Dr. Smith, alias Teglith Peleser, ex-Rector of Babylon's college, will teach the uninitiated in both the Cumberland and Westmoreland style of wrestling. Jim Davey, alias Bombastes Furioso, and Henry Ryan, two of the best hurdle leapers in this city, the latter being one who can trace his pedigree as far back as the days of St. Patrick, will both be members of the society. With such a host of experienced men, it cannot be but successful. Yours, RAMROD.

PEDESTRIANISM.

BLINDFOLD WALKING—FUN.—City of Reading, Nov. 23rd, 1857.—DEAR FRANK: Hard as times certainly are, and scarce as money most assuredly is, we still manage to keep the wheels of society in motion, and occasionally knock up a little fun in our own way, which, as in this instance, tends to chase away "dull care." Having said so much by way of an introduction, we will now give you a novel dish cooked and served up on Friday evening, at the notable house of our worthy host, Geo. Newkirk, (City Hotel.) A gentleman of our city, (H. Hagy,) boasting of his powers over the Prince of Darkness, offered a bet of $1. that he could walk, blindfolded, from the City Hotel to the Court House steps, a distance of about 130 yards. Not being prepared with the needful, it was finally agreed that he should either slaughter a fat porker for nothing, or receive $2, to depend upon his winning or losing. During the modus operandi of preparation, some wag attached to the skirt of our pedestrian's coat a huge advertising bill, which certainly manufactured him into a very novel picture,, and rendered him some pumpkins to laugh at. Now for his debut. He started in the presence of an innumerable host of spectators who had assembled to do him honor. He travelled but a short distance ere he came in contact with the stern of a market wagon; knowing now his whereabouts, he made a vigorous effort to place himself in a right position, but alas, alas, only to succeed in coming in violent contact with the tongue of said wagon. Nothing daunted, however, and amid such provoking vicissitudes, he struggled gamely and resolutely with a view to a triumphant issue. He progressed rather slowly, and by no means smoothly, now coming in contact with one obstacle, and then again another, until reaching Barto's corner; at this juncture, his manifest destiny seemed to be the anchoring of himself (horizontally) in the cellar of the Keystone house. Here certain ladies belonging to the highter walks of life made strict enquiries into the cause and probable effect of this truly novel scene, when, being informed that Mr. Hagy was executing a novel feat of pedestrianism, the air became vocal with their accents of assurance in his ability to accomplish the task, After having been put to rights again, and taking a peep for his own especial benefit, he proceeded, but measuring his distance refused to prostrate himself into the arms of a ton of coal. It was now evident that Mr. Hagy had departed from the original conditions, but still he was allowed to proceed to the goal of his high ambition, which he reached in safety, and claimed to be victorious. All parties now repaired to the City Hotel, where Mr. Hagy treated, and offered to compromise with our host, we suppose being somewhat conscience stricken. The compromise was accepted, and another bumper was the consequence; thus ended the novel feat of Henry Hagy—we wish him better success next time. BUTCHER.

A CHANCE FOR TWO TEN MILE RUNNERS.—A few weeks since we published a challenge, which we believe first appeared in a St. Louis paper, in which Mr. John Travis, well and favorably known in the sporting world, offered to match two men against any other two that might offer, to run a race of ten miles. Mr. Grindell, supposing that the gentleman would probably make a single match, offered to run either one of the parties referred to. Since the publication of Mr. Grindell's proposition, we have received the following letter from Mr. Travis, by which it will be seen that Mr. T. explains the tenor of his first card by stating that his challenge was to run two men. The following is that part of Mr. T.'s letter which bear directly on this point:

ST. LOUIS, November 17, 1857.

MR EDITOR: * * * I perceive in your last number, of Nov. 14th, an article purporting to be a reply to a challenge of mine, bearing date Oct. 24th, to the effect that I would run "*two men*" a certain race against any "*two men*" in the United States, on the Abbey Track, near this city. The gentleman who inserts the card in reply does not seem to comprehend the tenor of my bet. I have no single man—that is, no *one* man to offer a race or accept a race. I run *two* men, according to the terms specified in my card, and any other replies which are not to that effect I will not notice. I will deem it much of a favor if you will consider the purport of this letter worthy n insertion in your valuable paper. Yours, JOHN TRAVIS.

This seems plain enough. If there is another ten mile runner who will join Mr. Grindell in the business, there is no doubt that a match can be made. We have just been spoken to by a pedestrian who intimates his willingness to join in the enterprise, but he offers nothing of a definite nature. If New York cannot supply the team, we should think Massachusetts might turn out a "ten miler" to second Mr. Grindell in his acceptance of the St. Louis challenge. What say the peds thereaway? Shall the Western challenge remain unaccepted?

FOOT RACE IN PHILADELPHIA.—The match between Mitchell and Jeffries, the Butcher Boy, for a purse of $100, took place on Thursday, the 19th inst., on the Old Second Street Road, as it is commonly called, near the house of Mr. Rival, in the presence of 700 or 800 people, which was considerable of a turn-out, as the day was very cold, and unfavorable for the sport. Judges and referee being chosen, the contestants soon after appeared in racing trim, and prepared for the start. Neither of the runners appeared in very fair condition. Mitchell seemed somewhat careworn, but there was a look of confidence about him that betokened an earnestness to do or die. The other did not seem to manifest that courage which has formerly been awarded to him; he was entirely too fleshy; still it was expected that the race would be stoutly contested, and that excellent time would be the result. The men were called to the score at four o'clock, and after twelve or thirteen ineffectual attempts, they got away, keeping side by side for sixty yards, when Mitchell took the lead, and came in about two feet ahead of his opponent amid deafening cheers. The betting was in his favor, at five to three, with very few takers. The distance run was 90 yards, occupying eight seconds, which was the time as given to us by Mr. William Bloomer, the appointed timekeeper. [Most excellent time if correct.] The judges for Jeffries were Hughes and Monyer; for Mitchell, Cline and Peter Doyle.

TEN MILE WALKING MATCH.—At Worcester, on the 18th, there was a ten mile walking match between Mr. Alfred Elson, the "London Antelope," and Mr. Joseph Hannalyn, of Worcester, for a purse of $50. Elson walked the distance, in 2 hours, 1 minute and 40 seconds. His competitor came in about 30 seconds behind. The first mile was made in 10 minutes, 57 seconds, the ninth in 14 minutes, 15 seconds. About 200 persons witnessed the trial.

CHALLENGE TO THE LYNN BUCK.—Townsend, the pedestrian, will make a match to run the Lynn Buck a race of from one to ten miles, for $100, and will run on the Lynn track, if the Buck wishes it. Townsend can be found almost any time, in the store-house, City of Hartford, Connecticut. Or, he will jump hurdles with the Buck.

A FOOT RACE will take place at the house of Isaac Abrams, in Philadelphia, on Thursday, Dec. 3d, between the Camptown Rooster, and Mitchell, the Butcher Boy, for a purse of $50.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Enoch Davis and Jas. Brown, $1000—St. Louis.

OFFICIAL RERORT

OF THE

Gallant Contest Between

JOE COBURN AND HARRY GRIBBIN,

For $1000.

Fought in Canada, on Wednesday, Nov. 18, 1857.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

On Wednesday week, the 18th of November, the long pending and much talked of contest between Joe Coburn, of New York, and Harry Gribbin, of Brooklyn, for the sum of $1000, was decided in Canada, a few miles from Buffalo, and resulted in the victory of Coburn over his gallant opponent. To the fancy of America, the names of Coburn and Gribbin have long been familiar; the former as one of the best sparrers in the States, and for his protracted and game contest with Ed. Price, of Boston; and the latter as having already proved victor in the pugilistic arena on three several occasions in the old country. A detailed account, however, of the antecedents of both men may not be uninteresting to the readers of the CLIPPER at the present time.

Joe Coburn was born in Ireland in the year 1835, and is consequently in his 22nd year. He came over to this country at a very early age, and has always manifested a strong interest in the pugilistic art. He has long been highly admired for his proficiency as a sparrer, and has always been ready to lend his aid and assistance at the exhibitions for the benefit of professionals in this city. His height is 5 feet 9½ inches, possesses a powerful and well-knit frame, and great activity of body. His first, and indeed only public appearance in the roped arena, previous to the present occasion, was in his fight with Ed. Price on May 1, 1856, at Stillpond, about eight miles from Boston. Neither of the men had any prior course of preparation, but some idea of their stamina and "true grit" may be formed, from the fact of the fight lasting 3 hours and 22 minutes, 160 rounds, and terminating in a draw, darkness coming on, and both men having fought to a standstill. Coburn on this occasion exhibited some first rate qualities as a boxer, and it was the general opinion at the time, that had he "forced" the fighting more strongly, he would have conquered his opponent at an early period of the fight. His cautious tactics were doubtless owing to this being his debut in the ring, and a natural anxiety not to throw a chance away through too great eagerness or haste. Since that time, Joe has remained quiet, with the exception of a "turn up" with Flynn of New York, a short time ago, whom he "licked" in the short space of three minutes, until the making of the present match with Harry Gribbin.

Harry Gribbin was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1824, and is 32 years of age. He resided in Liverpool for many years previous to coming to the United States. His height is 5 feet 10½ inches, and his fighting weight, according to that standard authority of the ring, "Fistiana," is 154 lbs. With the Liverpool Fancy, he soon became a great favorite, and by them he was first matched with Dillon, whom he defeated in 30 minutes and 13 rounds. He followed up this victory by beating Lackey in 16 rounds, occupying 20 minutes. He was next matched against Jim Clark, a "professional," for $50 a side, and on the 17th November, 1845, they met at Hoyton, near Liverpool, when after a gallant mill of 36 rounds in 57 minutes, Gribbin was defeated. In his next encounter, with Moreton, for $50 a side, at Tarbuck Bottom, near Liverpool, he was more successful, beating his antagonist cleverly in 24 rounds, occupying 30 minutes. His last encounter in England was with Mark Brooks, of Bristol, for $50 a side, at Olive Mount, near Liverpool, and here, after fighting 19 rounds, Harry was obliged to succumb to his older and more powerful opponent. On his return to this country from England, in 1853, he published a challenge in the CLIPPER to fight any man in the State of New York, at 150 lbs., for either $300 or $500 a side; and this challenge for the latter sum was accepted by Jem Parker, brother of the well known Con Parker, and who had only arrived in America a short time previously. With the progress and result of this match, the readers of the CLIPPER are doubtless familiar. Suffice it to say, that both parties met at Niagara, the day previous to the fight, and a misunderstanding arose as to the appointed place. Harry and his friends going to Navy Island, a few miles from Buffalo, and Jem Parker and his supporters to Point Abino, on Lake Erie, no fight being the result. Both parties claimed the stakes, but the stakeholder eventually decided in favor of Parker, and gave up the money to him. It is unnecessary at this date to again open the question as to the justice and impartiality of this decision; but there is no doubt that it engendered a good deal of ill feeling between the parties. Since this time, Harry has been laid on the shelf, quietly attending to his business in Brooklyn, where he has a public house, and in which place as well as in New York, his quiet manners and kind-hearted disposition have gained him hosts of friends.

The present Match between these two men was finally arranged on the 20th August last, and articles signed to fight in Canada, on Wednesday, the 11th November, and weigh in Buffalo the day previous to the fight; Gribbin agreeing to confine himself to 148 lbs. that being the weight to which both men were restricted. The sum was for $500 a side. Owing to an accident to Coburn, the fight was postponed to the 18th November. Both men at once went into active training; Coburn at McComb's Dam, near Harlem, under the care of Scotty of Brooklyn, and subsequently "finishing off" at the Reservoir House, Prospect Hill, about two miles from Buffalo, under the experienced supervision of Orville Gardner,, and the splendid condition in which the latter "brought out" his protege, reflected the highest credit on his abilities as a trainer.

Gribbin took up his training quarters at Mark Maguire's, Cayuga House, Harlem, with Jemmy White as his training mentor. The meetings of the two forth-coming opponents, from their close proximity to each other, were necessarily frequent, and were marked by that frendliness of feeling that has characterized their proceedings throughout, and which reflect great honor on both parties.

Coburn was the first to leave New York for Buffalo, about the early part of the month, and his head quarters in that city were at Roe's Hotel, in Exchange street; while Gribbin, on his arrival a fortnight later, took up his quarters at Marshall's Tavern in the same street. At this latter place, both parties went to scale on Tuesday morning, 17th instant, when Gribbin turned the scale at 147lbs., and Coburn 145½lbs. This part of the conditions being satisfactorily arranged, the place of fighting was next to be settled, as well as the mode of locomotion to be adopted to reach it. Point Abino, on the Canada side of Lake Erie, the same spot where Bradley and Rankin, and Harry Lazarus and Horrigan decided their claims for supremacy, was mutually agreed upon, and a steamer was chartered by both parties to convey the principals and their partisans to the place. But those arrangements were completely frustrated by the state of the weather the following morning, being the day appointed for the fight. Wednesday morning broke bright and clear, the sun shining with unclouded brilliancy, but a cold, cutting wind swept through the streets of Buffalo, and over the broad expanse of Lake Erie. The Spirit of the Lake was aroused, and the rough and swelling waves showed that he was angered, and would permit no intrusion on his watery domain. The passage by steamer was pronounced impossible by the captain, and none had the hardihood to attempt to put forth over the lake. It was therefore determined to proceed to Point Abino, *via* the road. Carriages, cabs, buggies, four-horse wagons and hacks, were consequently in great demand in Buffalo, and "war prices" became the order of the day. About nine o'clock the departure became general, but a long delay at the ferry crossing the Niagara River ensued. On arriving at the Canada side, it was evident that the heavy state of the roads made the reaching of Point Abino in time for getting the fight over by daylight exceedingly doubtful, and a "council of war" was at once held. It was there determined to make a detour to a retired spot about five miles distant in Bertie Co., where there was no probability of interruption, owing to the favorable feeling of the owner of the place, to the professors of the "manly art." The spot was reached after about an hour's drive, and a more favorable locality for the purpose could not have been selected. It was in the spacious orchard of, and contiguous to a farm-house, in which the two combatants were allowed the privilege of making their toiletts for the fight. The experienced commissary, George Humphreys, promptly set about the formation of the ring, selecting with his usual judgment a good piece of ground sheltered from the cold by the adjacent out-buildings of the farm, and in half an hour his task was executed in an admirable manner.

The appointment of referee was quickly made, both parties agreeing to the appointment of a gentleman of Buffalo, whose strict impartiality and straightforward honorable conduct in every relation of life, has gained for him "golden opinions" from all who know him, and who has had considerable experience in the performance of the responsible duties attached to the office of referee. Mr. Thos. O'Donnell was chosen umpire for Coburn, and John Monaghan for Gribbin.

Precisely at one o'clock, P. M., Joe Coburn shied his castor into the ring, and followed it, attended by his seconds, Awful Gardner, (his trainer), and Jemmy White, who had trained Gribbin till within a short time previous. He was almost instantly followed by Harry, accompanied by his seconds, John Pyeburn, of Brooklyn, and Hen. Winkle, of the Fourth Ward. Loud acclamations greeted both men; Gribbin appearing to have the majority of partisans among the "Buffalo Boys." The ceremony of shaking hands was then gone through, and after a fruitless offer on the part of Coburn to back himself for a "cool couple of hundred" dollars, at even, which met with no response, the fight commenced, exactly at 10 minutes past one o'clock.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On toeing the scratch, the attitudes and condition of the two belligerents were closely and critically scrutinised by the *cognoscenti*. Coburn was evidently in the perfection of condition. His clean well built frame had not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon it. His skin was clean, and his arms and shoulders were well covered with muscle, and well developed, and plainly showed that the greatest attention had been paid to his training by his accomplished mentor, Awful Gardner. His attitude was artistic and beautiful, and his countenance betokened his confidence of success. Gribbin appeared to have a slight advantage in point of height and length of reach. Though he looked well and appeared sanguine of victory, yet in our opinion he was decidedly inferior in condition to his opponent. He appeared too fine drawn, in fact *overtrained*, and there was wanting that peculiar appearance which so unerringly betokens "fitness" of the muscular system, so readily recognised by the experienced eye. His position also was good. At the commencement some little feinting ensued on both sides, neither men appearing desirous of leading off, and caution was evidently the "watchword" of both. Gribbin at last let go his left, but was short, and Coburn got home on the ribs, receiving in return one on the body. Some rattling exchanges now took place, Coburn slanting his right on his opponent's cheek, and his left heavily on the ribs, and Gribbin putting in a stinger rather heavily on the cranium and again on the body. Both closed, and some rattling fibbing on both sides ensued, neither having any perceptible advantage. In the end, both went down, Gribbin undermost.

2. Gribbin led off and got home slightly on the body, Coburn returning with a stinger, had it taken effect on the head, but it was too short; and on administering one on the bread-basket, received a smart upper cut, which, had there been any force in the blow, would have "made its mark." He returned, but was again short, but got home heavily on the nob and on the ribs, catching it on the cheek. Some quick and merry exchanges now took place, each man fighting with unflinching gameness throughout this well contested and spirited round, though the hitting was by no means of an effective description, both men being frequently short in their delivery. After a capital rally, Gribbin at the close was thrown, Joe also falling with him.

3. Gribbin again forced the fighting, getting home on Joe's face, but not heavily, whilst Coburn planted a teazer on his opponent's phiz. In the counter-hitting, Coburn planted his left strongly on Harry's right peeper, who in his return was out of distance. Coburn retreated, and Harry followed him and rushed in, when some regular ding-dong exchanges took place; the blows of Coburn, from his superior physical condition, proving more effective than his opponent's. At the finish, both men went down, Gribbin undermost.

4. Some feinting on each side, but as it was evident Coburn would not lead off, Harry took the initiative, and got home, though not heavily, on the right optic. Joe returned it with a spanker on the side of the head and again on the ribs. Harry closed, and some smart and effective fibbing ensued on the body and ribs on both sides, each man "taking his gruel" in the gamest possible manner, neither, to their honor be it said, endeavoring to avoid punishment by dropping. At the close of this round, which was in favor of Coburn, both went down, Harry undermost.

5. Gribbin at once led off but missed, as did also his opponent in his attempt to plant one on Harry's bread-basket, when he was saluted with an upper-cut that checked him a little. Harry followed it up with a spanker on Joe's right eye, but caught a heavy one, two on the ribs in return, Coburn also getting a stinger home on his opponent's kissing-trap, drawing the claret. *First blood for Coburn.* After sharp exchanges, both men went down at the ropes, Coburn uppermost.

6. Gribbin rattled away to work without delay, sending out his right for the face of his antagonist, but was well stopped, and Joe put in a strong facer, following it up with another on the jaw. Joe broke ground, followed by Gribbin, who succeeded in planting his right on the ribs, but the blow lacked "steam." Coburn again got on the side of Harry's nut, and after a few exchanges both went down at the ropes.

7. Both promptly obeyed the call of "time." Harry led off, but Joe was cautious, and stepped back. Harry rushed in and Coburn delivered his right and left heavily on his phiz, cutting his right optic. Harry was out of distance in his return, and in the close that ensued was thrown heavily, Coburn falling on him.

8. Coburn led off, getting home on the body, but Gribbin returned it with a spanking facer, and also on the ribs. Coburn, in the counter-hitting, got on with telling force, whilst Harry's blows seemed sadly deficient in power and strength, owing to his inferior condition. He fought, however, with the greatest resolution and pluck. In the close, Coburn again threw him, falling himself heavily on Gribbin.

9. Without waste of time Gribbin led off with his left, but Coburn jumped back. Some feinting now ensued, Joe evidently fighting cautious. As Harry bored in, he met him with a rapid one, two on the mouth and cranium, neatly stopping the return. In the close Harry was thrown.

10. Both came up smiling, Joe evidently as fresh as a daisy; Harry looked rather shaken by his heavy falls, but none the worse for any punishment received. He lunged out and got home smartly on the body, following it up with a facer, and receiving in return a heavy one on the ribs. Good exchanges, and Harry in the close was thrown.

11. Harry again took the initiative by leading off, but was well stopped. He would not be denied, and got home on the cheek, but not heavily, catching in return a smart right and left hander well planted on the phiz. Both closed, and some smart fibbing ensued, when Coburn gave Harry a heavy back fall, himself falling on the top.

12. Both came up smiling when time was called; Harry sent out his left heavily on the body, Coburn in his return being out of distance. Joe broke the ground and retreated, followed by Harry; both countered, Coburn administering a rattler on the side of the head, and receiving a spanking one-two on the body. They clinched, and some smart fibbing ensued, without serious damage to either. At the close Gribbin was thrown, Coburn falling on him.

13. Harry rushed in to force the fighting, though advised by his seconds to wait for his man. He sent out his left for the nob, but was beautifully stopped, Coburn in his return getting on the ribs and kissing-trap smartly. In the close, Joe's superior strength told, and Gribbin was thrown heavily.

14. Harry, after a little feinting to induce his man to lead off, and give an opening, shot out his left, but missed, and neatly stopped a left-hander intended for his head. Smart exchanges followed to the ropes, on which Gribbin was forced, Coburn on him, when the cords suddenly gave way, and Joe was shot completely over them, falling rather heavily on his shoulder, but no damage was done, beyond receiving a coating of Canada dirt.

15. Gribbin was evidently getting weak, more from the heavy falls he sustained than from any punishment received. Coburn led off and got one on the face, a compliment Harry returned on the same spot. Both clinched, and after some mutual fibbing, in which Gribbin got in a few of his dangerous upper-cuts, without inflicting the injury that might have been expected, both went down together. A frivolous appeal of "gouging" was made by one of Gribbin's seconds against Joe, but instantly vetoed by the referee.

16. Harry rushed in, but the pegs of his shoes having become imbedded in the dirt, so as to prevent them holding, he slipped forward, slightly hitting Coburn below the belt as he fell. He at once said "Joe, you see that was accidental, and not intended."

17. Gribbin, after waiting a little time for Joe to commence, lunged out his left, and caught his man on the right peeper, receiving a smart one-two on the ivory-box and cheek. This was a well-fought round, with spirited exchanges, until they closed, when Gribbin was thrown in first-rate style.

18. Both prompt to time, Harry leading off, but Coburn avoided the blow by jumping back. After some feinting, on Harry giving an opening, Coburn sent out his left as straight as a dart on Harry's right cheek, and, quickly repeating it on the ribs, got away. Harry tried to get home a severe left-handed facer, but was well stopped. Both men closed, and after a good round, Harry was thrown.

19. Both men cautious to a degree, and feinting for an opening. Coburn at last led off with his right for the face, but missed, and the impetus of the blow carried him forward a few yards, when Harry sent in a teazer on the right peeper on the old spot. Joe got in a heavy left hander on the ribs, and after a bustling rally at the ropes, both men went down.

20. Gribbin rushed in without a moment's delay, and lunged out right and left, but Joe stepped back and Gribbin fell; Coburn being too late in getting in to profit by the mischance.

21 and last. Gribbin came up smiling, and led off with his left, but missed, receiving in return a chance but terrific left handed hit, immediately below the region of the heart, and as he was falling Coburn again caught him with the right on the side of the face. The former blow decided the fate of the battle; Harry's second threw up the sponge, as when time was called, he was insensible, and Joe Coburn was proclaimed the victor after a fight of 30 minutes duration. For some few minutes poor Harry continued perfectly insensible, and the distress of the gallant fellow, when restored to consciousness, on being informed of the result, was very great. He declared that he would not have cared so much for defeat, if the battle had lasted an hour longer, but to be "knocked out of time" by a chance blow after so short a fight was most galling. Immediately after the battle was over, the departure homeward became general, and though there was a most annoying delay at the ferry, yet there was no casualty occurred to mar the features of the day's proceedings.

REMARKS.

This fight, though so suddenly brought to a termination, was while it lasted, an excellent one, in every respect. From the commencement to the close, it was a fair, manly, stand up fight, both men scorning to avoid punishment by resorting to the "dropping system," which has become so prevalent among the pugilists both of England and America. This noble example we hope will be imitated in future by all aspirants for fame in the roped arena, and that to Joe Coburn and Harry Gribbin will the honor be due, of being the first to discountenance and put a stop to the dropping game. The superior strength and physical condition of Coburn over his opponent was evident throughout the fight, and to those advantages as well as being the harder hitter,, we think his victory is attributable. Coburn fought cautiously, seldom attempting to lead off, but ready to take advantage of the slightest opening or mistake on the part of Gribbin. He is an excellent wrestler, quick on his legs, and a very heavy hitter; but he threw away many chances of inflicting punishment which the haste of his opponent exposed him to, and which we should have thought, from his acknowledged superior science as a boxer, he would not have suffered to pass by. But this is a point, which more experience in the fistic arena will readily enable him to improve. As it is he has exhibited sufficient qualifications to show that he will prove a most dangerous opponent to whoever he may be matched with in future.

Harry Gribbin, in this fight, has shown the same good quality that has ever characterized him in his previous encounters, unflinching gameness. But he has also proved the great disadvantages that a pugilist labors under, when he undertakes to fight under his natural and regular fighting weight. He was overtrained, and consequently weak. His blows appeared to produce little or no effect, and those dangerous upper cuts, which he gave, and we anticipated would prove very effective, seemed to do no perceptible injury to his opponent. In the close, also, his superior strength was visible, as, on several occasions, when he had apparently got Coburn on the turn, he was unable to throw him, and the latter generally managed, by sheer muscular strength, to get the best of the fall. We do not think that there is much advantage in point of science on either side; in fact, there was not a great display of scientific boxing throughout the fight. It was a hand to hand encounter from the first; give and take was the order of the day, and the severity of the punishment on both sides may be judged when we state, that Coburn had "scarcely a scratch" upon him, and Gribbin, with the exception of a slight cut over the right eye, and the "*mark*" made by the last tremendous blow on the body below the heart, which "knocked him out of time," was comparatively uninjured. The slight punishment on both sides is, we think, to be attributed in a great measure to the system of "infighting" which they both adopted, and their consequent inability to get heavily home on either side.

The friendly feeling of the two men were highly creditable to both; Gribbin, when brought into the house, shook hands cordially with Coburn. Harry considers that his defeat was attributable to his want of condition, and fighting so much below his regular weight, especially when the desparity of age, no less than 10 years, between himself and his opponent, is taken into consideration; and not being satisfied with his present defeat has authorized us to insert the appended challenge to Coburn. Both men left Buffalo the same night, arriving in New York on Thursday night. We have since seen both parties, and we think it exceedingly probable that a second encounter will be arranged between them.

It will be perceived by our readers that Coburn on this occasion was seconded by Jemmy White, who trained Gribbin, and many invidious remarks had been made on this subject; it being alleged, and with much plausibility that such a proceeding on the part of a trainer is totally unjustifiable, as the trainer has naturally so many opportunities and facilities of perceiving the "weak points" of his pupil, which in the event of his deserting him, can be turned to his disadvantage, by communicating such knowledge to his opponent. Whatever may have been the cause of White thus turning round upon Gribbin, we are decidedly of opinion that it was a breach of confidence in thus deserting him and becoming the second of his antagonist in the fight.

We think it only an act of justice to Harry to state, that he was detained nearly four days in going up to Buffalo by rail owing to the freshets, and in consequence gained in weight four pounds, to reduce which, he was obliged to take strong exercise in the vicinity of Buffalo; a circumstance which certainly did not tend to his advantage.

As we presume that Coburn, the winning man, will take a benefit in New York soon, we trust that his gallant but unfortunate antagonist will be remembered, and that something will be done on his behalf.

CHALLENGE.—Harry Gribbin, feeling dissatisfied with his late defeat by Joe Coburn, challenges him to fight at *catch weight* for $500 or $1000 a side.

COPE AND HOLMES.—New Orleans, Nov. 12, 1857.—FRANK QUEEN: In looking over the columns of the CLIPPER I was surprised to see a challenge from Jack Cope to fight me again, when he knew well I was in New Orleans. Now, if Jack means fighting, and not blowing, let him send a deposit to any sporting gentleman in St. Louis, and I will go a distance of 1200 miles and cover it, and fight him for $300 a side and no less; or I will fight him at $500 to $400 in New Orleans. By inserting the above you will oblige.

Yours truly, CHARLEY HOLMES.

P. S.—Any communication addressed to Charley Holmes, corner of Magazine and Delord streets, New Orleans, care of James Coughlin, will receive prompt attention.

DEATH OF JAMES LAFFERTY.—We learn through a letter received by us on the 19th, from New Orleans, that James Lafferty, well known in pugilistic circles, died in that city on the 30th of October.

FOOT RACE IN TROY.—A race took place in Troy on the 14th inst., between J. H. Ten Broeck, alias Fulton Market Pet, and J. A. Hogan, alias the Little One, for $25 a side, and the distance run 200 yards. Previous to starting the odds were 2 to 1, on the Pet; the favorite took the lead, and kept it until nearly two-thirds the distance had been gone over, when the Little One caught him, and after a hard struggle, went in a winner by about one yard.

The winner has challenged the pedestrian James Smith, to run a race for $30 a side, in three weeks.

SPARRING.

A SPARRING EXHIBITION for the benefit of Con Quinn, of London, took place at the house of Ned Lancaster, corner of Front and South streets, on Friday, 20th inst. The evening sport commenced with several amateurs, when Young Manly and Pete Bradley put on the mits, and on the fourth round Manly received a stinger on the eye which sent him down; after which Jonas Fox and Prior, the pedlar, made their appearance; give and take was the order, and the hitting was sharp throughout—nearly an even thing. Jones and friend next toed the mark, and went to work with a rush, when Mr. Jones received two unfriendly blows on the snuffer, drawing the claret pretty freely, and knocking him off his pins. The wind-up of the evening was now the order (as no more sparrers could be found,) which was ended with Con Quinn and Ned Lancaster; it was a showy affair, and some excellent sparring was the result. A wind-up like this is seldom seen, and the way in which it was received shows that they are professed hands. Jonas Fox acted as master of ceremonies, and performed the part in a becoming manner. Con Quinn is open at any time for a challenge, from $100 to $600. The money is ready at Rankin's Hotel, corner of Rose and Broad streets, Philadelphia.

MCINTYRE'S EXHIBITION, which was given at the Franklin Hall, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, the 17th inst., was a "beggarly account of empty benches," as there were not more than one hundred present, including "dead heads," and Frank appears to be obnoxious to that class of people. The sparrers came up scattering, which somewhat irritated Frank, and, being an orator, brought forth a speech from him that ended as follows: "*he would be blowed if he would set-to at any exhibition where they would not assist him, as he had done to others.*" The sparring was in the following order: Young Scotty and Billy Maynes—this set-to caused much merriment, on account of the comical strut Billy took in his peregrinations about the stage. The set-to ended by Scotty catching him out, and he went off the stage on the avalanch principle. The next that followed were Young Barney Aaron and McIntyre; this was the best of the evening, and good science displayed. Pete Bradley and a friend had a bout, which was a good set-to, but Bradley had the best of it; then came Shay and Caywood, who had a slashing time of it; some tremendous blows were put in, and Canova got his dander up in consequence of some unfair means used, which ended the round. The wind up of the evening was between Johnny Hasson and McIntyre, and they did their best. Hasson never appeared to better advantage. The price of the tickets being 50 cents, was the cause of the small number present; 50 cents is too high a figure at these times.

COMPLIMENTARY SPARRING EXHIBITION.—The numerous friends of Mr. S. S. Rankin intend giving him a grand complimentary sparring exhibition at the Military Hall, Library street, Philadelphia, the gentlemanly proprietors, Messrs. Stokes and Heishley, having kindly loaned the use of the hall for the occasion. Due notice of the event will be given.

BENEFIT OF SCOTTY, OF BROOKLYN.—A sparring exhibition will take place at Kerrigan's head quarters, No. 22 White street, for the benefit of the above-named boxer, on Thursday evening, December 3d, when the following talented company of boxers, with others, will appear: Joe Coburn, P Gardiner, Phil Clare, Young Costello, Bill Stanley, &c. The evening's entertainment to conclude with a grand set-to between the beneficiare, Scotty, of Brooklyn, and Johnny Aaron, of London. Admission, twenty-five cents; tickets to be had at all sporting houses, and at the hall on the night of the exhibition.

HART AND MONAGHAN gave an exhibition in Buffalo, on the 23—we have not yet received a report of it. They go next to Cleveland, Ohio, and from thence to Columbus. We bespeak for Messrs. Hart and Monaghan a favorable consideration at the hands of our western friends.

YOUNG BARNEY AARON was to leave this city for New Orleans, on Tuesday last. We wish him success in his tour.

BOXING IN NEW ORLEANS.—Charley Holmes gave a sparring exhibition at Louisa Exchange, corner of Tchoupitoulas and Calliope streets, New Orleans, on the 11th instant. It was very well attended. The sparring was commenced with a lively bout between Barney Fox and Johnny McCaffrey; next came Spider Williams and Power's novice; then Young Burke, of Staffordshire, and Tom Hayes, of New York, appeared, in which Tom showed the spectators the advantage of science over strength. Cooper Burke and Mr. Healy, appeared next, after which came Jem Barnawell and Pete Kelly, two of the heavy weights—this was a regular hammering match, and lots of claret flew. Then followed Tommy Madden and Scotch Bob—they both were evenly matched, and made an excellent set-to. Tom Hayes and Johny Keating were next, and made a neat set-to; then followed Jack Kelly and Billy Dooling. After a few more bouts came the wind-up between Charley Holmes and Burns, the Gallatin Street Pet; it was a slashing set-to, and well pleased the audience, who retired in good order.

FIRE ENGINE PLAYING.—New Haven, November 19th, 1857.—MR. EDITOR—In looking over your paper of this week, I noticed an account of the playing of some fire engines, and as you seem anxious to take an interest in such trials, I will give you an account of a trial that took place in this city two years ago this fall, between No. 6, and No. 2, to test the powers of their machines, by playing through 1000 feet of hose, and out of the pipe; each machine to draught its own water from the reservoir. No. 2 played 136 feet, and No. 6, 140 feet, as it was decided by the Judges. No. 2 is a Hunneman engine, 5½ inch cylender, and No. 6 is a piano engine, built by Torboss, of your city; this No. 6 is the one that won the Charter Oak trumpet at Hartford, a few weeks since, by playing 175ft. 2in. through 400 feet of hose. She has also won two other silver trumpets, at prize trials. If you hear of any engine that has beaten these two engines in playing through 1000 feet of hose, please put it on record.

Yours, ACTIVE.

WRESTLING MATCH.—A wrestling match came off last evening at Armory Hall, State street, for $250. The contestants were the well-known Mike Kirk, of Boston, and Lewis Ainsworth, a mechanic from New Britain. The sporting fraternity were willing to bet large odds, in favor of the Boston champion, who would, they claimed, throw his man in eight seconds. But Ainsworth soon satisfied the crowd that he was at least a match for Kirk in "science," spryness, strength, or anything else. Kirk, discovering this, avoided giving fair play to Ainsworth for fear of being floored, but kept up a series of *dodges* for about an hour. Both men being on their guard, neither was thrown, and finally by mutual consent the parties withdrew. The match began at half-past seven and closed at nine; time of holds and wrestling, 1h. 38m. 27s. The men happen to be equally matched in weight—each weighing 149½ pounds; and they are about of the same size. Kirk is a professed wrestler, and "travels on his muscle." Ainsworth, however, can evidently floor him in two minutes, with straight-along "fair play."—*Hartford Times, 11th.*

SPORTS! SPORTS!
Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!

NEW YORK CLIPPER,

THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

AND ADVOCATE OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS FOR THE PEOPLE.

THIS popular American Sporting Journal, now in the fifth year of its existence, has an immense circulation, extending over the four quarters of the globe. The CLIPPER gives full and authentic reports of every event of a sporting nature, such as—Cricket; Chess; Draughts; Yachting; Ball Play; Pedestrianism; Boxing; Horse Racing; Trotting; Pugilism; Feats of Strength; Rowing; Canine Sports; Rifle Shooting; Pigeon Shooting; Pistol Shooting; Game Fowl; Wrestling; Curling, &c., &c., &c.

The CLIPPER also gives two or more

SPORTING ILLUSTRATIONS

in each number.

It also devotes considerable space to

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:

Embracing information on general topics, but sporting matters in particular. Correspondents answered free of expense.

The CLIPPER is the organ of no particular class, but devotes its energies and influence to the improvement of the physical and mental condition of the people, as well as to making money, honestly, for its proprietors. The success of the CLIPPER, as a sporting paper, is without precedent in this or any other country. It is now hailed as "the recognized sporting authority in America."

TERMS.—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—$1.00 for six months; $2.00 for one year. Club of four, $7.00 per annum; club of eight, $13.00 per annum; club of twelve, $18.00 per annum—in all cases in advance. Advertisements, 6 cents per line for each and every insertion. Day of publication, Thursday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 30 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1857.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau st., N. Y.
MADDEN & Co., 21 and 23 Ann street.
SAMUEL YATES, 22 Beekman street.
CAULDWELL & LONG, 32 Ann street.
HAMILTON & JOHNSTON, No. 22 Ann street.
A. WINCH, 116 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.
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JOHN J. DYER, 35 School street, Boston
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Building, Baltimore, Md
A. C. BAGLEY, Cincinnati.
WALLACE, AUSTEN & BUEL, Chicago, Ill.
A. & E. EZEKIEL, 7 Exchange Place and 122 Poydras st., New Orleans.
L. D. CAMPBELL, 16 King street West, Toronto, Canada West.
BELL & HENDRICKSON, 512 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
DUNCAN & INNES, 162 Vine street, Cincinnati.

PICTORIAL CLIPPER,

FOR THE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

OUR annual PICTORIAL sheet, which will be issued on or about the first of December, is now in course of preparation, and will favorably compare with those which have preceded it. It was our intention to have had a large engraving prepared of pugilists now in America, but as we have found it a more difficult matter than we imagined to procure the likenesses of some of our pugilistic friends, we will not be able to carry out our intentions in that respect. In lieu thereof, however, we are now having engraved a large and artistic representation of the

Great Battle
BETWEEN
JOHNNY BROOME AND JACK HANNAN,
FOR $5000;
FOUGHT ON THE 26TH OF JANUARY, 1841;

And which created IMMENSE SENSATION in England and America at the time.

From this picture our patrons may obtain a clever idea of a British Prize Fight.

The 24-feet roped ring is seen with the principals at the scratch, the seconds in their corners, and bottle-holders in close attendance.

Outside of the ring may be seen the ring of straw, on which those who can afford to pay for the privilege, are reclining at their ease. Beyond this again, is the larger or outer ring, and again, still further back, may be seen a circle composed of all sorts of vehicles, filled with spectators of the Battle.

The ring-keepers may be seen plying their whips, and exerting themselves to the utmost to prevent the crowd from encroaching upon, or interfering with the lesser, or fighting, arena, and those within it.

The editors of the sporting journals are seen by the ring-side, taking notes as the battle progresses.

In the foreground, and in close proximity to the inner ring may be seen various well-known sporting characters, pugilists, and supporters of the Prize Ring. Among these are the following:

OWEN SWIFT,	HARRY HOLT,	JOHNNY WALKER,
TOM SPRING,	TOM CRIBB,	NED O'NEIL,
YOUNG DUTCH SAM,	J. ANDERSON, Esq.,	UNCLE BEN,
SAMBO SUTTON,	TASS PARKER,	JNO. HUNT,
DICK CURTIS,	LEVI ECKERSLEY;	JOE BANKS,
CAPT. NAPIER,	CAPT. DUFFY,	TOM READY,
ALECK REED,	JEM BURN,	TOM OLIVER,
HAMMER LANE,	PETER CRAWLEY,	RICHARD MALEY,
DEAF BURKE,	&c., &c.,	&c.

These are said to be fair likenesses of the originals, their style of dress, &c. In addition to these, there are hundreds of other figures of all shapes and sizes, the attendance at the above fight being unusually numerous. The entire picture is being engraved expressly for the PICTORIAL CLIPPER, and will be well worth double the price asked for the paper.

Besides this, we have had designed a spirited and brilliant border for our Time Table. This border is composed of different scenes, emblematic of the various records in our Time Table, each scene distinct in itself, but forming, altogether, an elaborate and highly artistic picture. The design has been placed in the hands of our engraver, and will be completed at an early day.

THE TIME TABLE,

OR, RECORD OF EXTRAORDINARY SPEED AND REMARKABLE EVENTS,

for which the above picturesque border has been expressly prepared, will give the Fastest Time on Record of

RACING,	TROTTING,	PACING,
WALKING,	RUNNING,	LEAPING,
SPEED OF LOCOMOTIVES,	STEAMERS,	SAILING CRAFT,
ROWING,	THROWING,	RATTING,
LONGEST PRIZE FIGHT,	SHORTEST DITTO,	LARGEST STAKE FOUGHT FOR,
RAT KILLING,	BIRD FLYING,	BALLOONING;

The whole forming an invaluable

FUND OF USEFUL INFORMATION,

Not only to the sporting community, but to all other classes.

This Table is made up to the latest moment, and is prepared with the greatest care and attention. This is another feature, in itself, of great value, and should be preserved for future reference.

Numerous other pictures will also be given on various sporting subjects, and the whole will be

BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED

on a large sheet of fine white, calendered and sized paper, and

WILL BE RETAILED

at the extremely low price of

Six Cents per Copy.

The success attending all our previous Pictorial sheets renders it necessary to print an immense edition, for heretofore we have been unable to supply the demand. In order to do our best to keep up the supply, we shall go to press in two or three weeks, and have printed a large edition before a single copy is sold to any one, so that all places, far and near, may have them on sale on or about the first of December. There is no fear of Agents being stuck with

PICTORIAL CLIPPERS,

for they will sell the year round when once a glimpse is caught of their contents.

Agents would do well, therefore, to send in their orders as early as convenient.

PRIORESS.

WE still continue to receive communications on the subject of the recent victory of Prioress at Newmarket, and unusual pains seem to be taken to lessen, if not ignore, entirely, the glory we attach to that achievement. Now, gentlemen, you may fire away as much as you like; your epistles cannot now interfere with, or deprive us of the satisfaction we experienced in shouting the praises of the Cæsarewitch triumph. We won the race fairly and squarely, with the assistance, we grant you, of that prime little English jockey Fordham—but still, *we* won it—our American mare, Prioress, won the great Cæsarewitch Stakes at Newmarket, in 1857, and the achievement will find an everlasting record in the turf annals of Great Britain as an American victory. So it is no use to attempt to deprive us of *that* gratification.

When the weights appeared for the Great Ebor Handicap, some of the American journals made a great outcry against the handicapper for the weight imposed on Pryor. We took no part in this hullaballoo, for we believed the handicapper had sufficient reasons for thus acting in the matter; he had no motive, in our opinion, for weighting Pryor as he did, other than to place all horses entered for that race on an equal footing, according to their previous performances. Pryor had been heralded on this side as an invincible, and the handicapper took those statements into consideration in making up the weights. Our English friends agreed that the handicapper was correct in his estimate of what the animals could do, and they sustained him throughout. All we ask of them now, is, to have the same confidence in the gentleman who made up the weights for the Cæsarewitch. Its a poor rule that won't work both ways. The handicapper placed such weights on the animals entered for the Cæsarewitch as in his judgment he deemed would place all on an equality, and the dead heat between three, and the position held by others, light and heavy weights, during and at the finish of the race, go to show the correctness of the estimates of that gentleman. Therefore, we hold to it, that in starting in the race, the competitors for the Cæsarewitch Stakes were, one and all, according to the handicap, placed on an equality, and it was only proved that Prioress, the American, was a *little the fastest* when she won the deciding heat against El Hakim and Queen Bess, and was thereupon proclaimed the winner of the race.

Another thing; we don't think our English friends are acting in their usually happy style in wishing to detract from the glories of our success. *We* had to stand defeat after defeat, but we didn't attempt to lessen the triumphs of the British horses—we stood the storm like a Major; but now that we have *one* chance out of a dozen to crow, our cousins wish to put a stopper on us by intimating that any horse ought to have won the race with the same advantage we had. But it is too late—the victory is won, and the shouting is over, and the American mare, Prioress, stands recorded as the victor over thirty-three "foreign" horses in the great handicap race for the Cæsarewitch Stakes at Newmarket, in 1857. Hurrah!

FAST NAGS IN MINNESOTA.

MENDOTA, M. T., Oct. 18, 1857.

FRIEND FRANK—Below will be found an account of an EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL OF SPEED BETWEEN TWO "FAST NAGS!"

Considerable excitement was manifested in this place among the sporting fraternity, on Thursday afternoon last, Oct. 15, on the occasion of a great half-mile running match between "two fast nags." The race took place on a straight course measured off on the road on the outskirts of the town. Considerable of a crowd, "more or less," were on hand to witness this extraordinary event for 500 cents a side. The nags entered were a grey poney, owned by a French Canadian, and a bay horse, owned by a Canadian Frenchman. Judges, referee and timekeepers being appointed, everything was got ready for the start, which was soon effected, and with a 'sacre' from each of the "jockeys," off they went. Betting skeerce, 2 to 1 on the grey! Who'll take me up on the bay! Fast time expected—Yankees nowhere—hurray! The bay horse, entered by the Canadian Frenchman, beat the grey, entered by the French Canadian, in the unprecedented short space of—oh! ye Gods! would you believe it!—of—of—two minutes and thirty-six seconds! There! Beat that if you can! And let me know immediately, forthwith, if you don't think the Mendota sporters are "up to the mark." But this is not all, for a 600 yard match afterwards followed, which resulted in one horse beating two or three others in the great time of one minute and twenty seconds! Whew! Don't say another word! I wonder if there are any trotting horses "deown Yeast" can go their mile as quick as these great runners (Lexington-like) can go their half. Whar! oh, whar!—is Third Avenue mit the Bloomingdale Road. More anon.

CHARLEY.

NOT MUCH CAUSE FOR GLORIFICATION.—FRANK QUEEN: Concerning the great glorification made by the American people over the victory recently obtained by Prioress in the Cæsarewitch, I should wish to say a word. I, for my part, wish, with all my heart, that there was as good an occasion for the aforesaid glorification as when the yacht America most gloriously vindicated the stars and stripes at Cowes; but I do not see why the victory of Prioress, who was by imported Sovereign, by imported Reel, just barely dropped in this country, ridden by an English jockey, with only 6 stone 9 pounds on her back, after a dead heat with El Hakim and Queen Bess, the former carrying the same weight and being one year younger, should be made so much of. Let us have an American in the true sense of the word, ridden by an American jockey, run a race with the horse which the English may choose as their champion, and let the party that wins the toss choose the ground and give each a fair field, and it will give more satisfaction to the American people, among whom is

PHIDDA.

LAUGHABLE AFFAIR.—Chicago, Nov. 13, 1857.—FRIEND QUEEN: A laughable occurrance took place in this city about 7 o'clock on the evening of the above date. As one of the tug boats was towing a scow, the Kenzie street bridge was turned off to allow them to pass; while this was being done, an Irishman was quietly walking along smoking an old black pipe, and, it being dark, did not notice the bridge turned off, but walked off the dock into the canal. A few seconds after the splash he arose bubbling and spluttering, and making his way for the bridge, where he was dragged up by the assistance of myself and some others, when, putting his finger into the bowl of the pipe, which pipe he held in his mouth all the time he was in the water, to his utter disgust he found the fire to be out, as he termed it; he immediately withdrew it from his mouth, and dashed it into the canal, exclaiming, as he did so, "d—n the thing, my pipe is out."

Yours, &c., DAN CALLAHAN.

THE DELANEY YACHT CLUB intends giving a ball, Dec. 17th, 1857, at Odd Fellows Hall, corner Third and Brown street, Philadelphia.

AQUATICS.

PHILADELPHIA BOAT TALK.—Philadelphia, Nov. 19, 1857.—DEAR CLIPPER: Your correspondent "L." says in this week's CLIPPER, Nov. 21, that it is "hardly *fair* to daub amateurs with *slang* names," "or, *still worse*, to put their *real* names in print." All we have to say then, is, that they should not give such notice of a race as will draw the attention of the sporting fraternity, and thereby procure the attendance of such as are lovers of aquatics; but the writer "L." is a characteristic of the class to which he seems to belong, and shrinks from the criticisms of a *discerning* public. We never daubed our "*gentleman*" by the name of "*Scotchman*," but have always heard him called by that name, and in fact had almost forgotten his other cognomen. We also were not aware that the foresaid was a member or founder of the "Toady Club," until we knew him as a "Star" boy, and then, upon inquiry, found that after piloting the poor water logged craft, (of which he was *founder* and *commander*) upon the rocks, deserted her to board a more successful ship; a very pretty "*founder*" indeed. We have seen other institutions "foundered" in the same way. We must of course have been very "*ignorant* of the facts," when we were in sight of the contestants all the way, until the "Falcon" was left so far in the rear, and we also "*misrepresent* facts" when in the CLIPPER of the 7th Nov., we prophesied where the "Falcon" would be, and true enough, she was "thar" only about fifteen minutes behind the "Phantom," in the race of the 7th. Now don't take upon yourself the task to bolster up the *credit* of the Toady Club, Mr. "L.," its a job you cannot accomplish, although you *are* a *particular Star*. Now we just lay the case before any of the bargemen on the Schuylkill; they knew the facts, and can judge accordingly, weather the "Falcon" stands any chance with the "Atalanta" or "Phantom" as they are now equipped; let the amateurs give their verdict. We are acquainted with a majority of the "Phantom" men and *know* them to be *men*. We can say the same of the "Atalanta," but of the "Falcon" we have already expressed our opinion, they are "Toady's." Webster gives the broadest meaning of the word.

Yours, A. FAY.

MORE ABOUT PHILADELPHIA BOATS.—Philadelphia, Nov. 13, 1857.—FRIEND QUEEN.—Inasmuch as the different barge clubs on the Schuylkill river have all been honored with a so called history of their different organizations, through the medium of the columns of the CLIPPER, during the last year, (1856,) it will edify some of the readers of your paper in this city were an account of the "*rise and fall of the Falcon Barge Club*" given, with particulars, &c., of its numerous defeats and incidents whereby it is more generally known as the "*Toady Club*" of the Schuylkill.

In the spring of '56, or more properly speaking, in the "winter of their discontent," three of the members of the "Atalanta," "Keystone Barge Club," were expelled therefrom, by the disgusted members, and with their money in their pockets, and a forlone cast of their eyes over the *left* shoulder, were thrown upon the tender mercies of the *discriminating* boating fraternity of the Scuylkill.

These three "cronies" had begun to imagine that they were the appointed to rule the destinies of the triumpant "Atalanta," and, supposing among themselves, that they alone did constitute the *bone* and *sinwe* of the club, and could hold its victories or defeats in their palms, made themselves most odious, by their senseless braggadocia airs; the Scotchman, in particular, would excel in this jabbering work, and, assisted by his "Craven" friend, would make himself that odious as to merit the application of the toes of his *friends* in the *most sensible* part of his body; *these ejected members of the "Keystone" were the the founders of the* "Falcon Barge Club," and by the *usual process* exercised by the "Scotchman," its president, (by usual process on mean *protestations*, and *false representations*) a club of some 15 YOUTHS, was organized for the express purpose, and avowed object, of insulting the "Keystone Club." In short, the president, and his cronies, declared that they never would TOSS to the "Atalanta" as long as they rowed a boat on the Schuylkill or owned by the "Keystone," he (Scotchman) also poisoned the ears of the "Club" against that of the "Atalanta" to such an extent that it was a matter of some difficulty to say whether the Scotchman or the members of the "Falcon," were the greatest asses of the two. The boat was purchased, and named the Falcon, and made its appearance on the Schuylkill, escorted by numerous barges, whose members were regaled after the reception on lemonade, crackers, &c., &c.

Yours, A STEELE PENNE.

THE LATE RACE ON THE SCHUYLKILL.—Philadelphia, Nov. 16th, 1857.—MR. FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* Your correspondent "C. C.," in the last number of the CLIPPER, describing the race on the Schuylkill, on the 7th inst., has fallen into error as regards the position of the two boats "Atalanta" and "Phantom," at the Columbia bridge. He says, in substance, that the two boats were side by side until they reached that point, when the "Phantom fell behind. The real facts of the case—to the truth of which numerous spectators on the shore can fully testify—are as follows:—At the start, the "Phantom" shot ahead of the "Atalanta" about half a boat's length, but the two boats had not pulled more than 100 yards before the "Atalanta" gradually gained upon and finally distanced the "Phantom." When the two boats passed the Columbia bridge the "Atalanta was 21 seconds ahead; at the Girard avenue bridge, 20 seconds; and at "Turtle Rock," the end of the course, 35 seconds. The boats were timed by persons standing upon both bridges.

Yours respectfully, SPECTATOR.

CRICKET.

SOIREE OF THE LONG ISLAND CLUB.—On Thursday, 19th inst., the members of this club and many of their friends, including a number of the fair-sex of Brooklyn, met at Mr. Uris's Rooms, 347 Fulton street, and to the "discourse of most excellent music," tipped the light fantastic toe until the early hour of morn. The dancing was of the most accomplished and fascinating character, the exquisite appearance of the ladies, and the manly forms of our cricketing friends, as they joined togethar in this favorite winter amusement, gave to the scene a most brilliant appearance. During the intermission they were regaled with some most excellent glee-singing by the Messrs Eastmead, Ray, and Flavel, which would vie in excellence, with some of our most popular artists; their "Hail! Smiling morn" was received with the most unbounded applause. Nothing, except the inclemency of the weather occurred to mar the pleasures of the evening, the company being unanimous in their praises of this most social gathering of the gentlemanly cricketers of Brooklyn.

CRICKETER'S BALL AT PRESTON, C. W.—The fraternity of that vicinity had quite a jubilee on Friday, 7th inst., the scene of enjoyment being changed from the green sward to the hardly less fascinating one, the ball room. At an early hour the company had assembled in full force, the Galt, Guelph and Berlin clubs, being well represented, when the music struck up, and the dancing commenced in real good earnest, which was continued until the midnight hour, when the whole company sat down to a well filled table of the delicacies of the season, and amidst the flowing bumpers of champagne, toasts, wit, and merriment were freely indulged in until a hearty one for the success of the Preston club was given, when they returned to the ball-room, and dancing was resumed, and zealously kept up until dawn put in an appearance, when the party departed to their several homes, highly delighted with the ball at Preston.

PROGRESS OF CRICKET IN CALIFORNIA.—Our friends of the golden region, have, since the introduction of the game among them, made extraordinary progress in the practice thereof. One year since, such an institution as a cricket club was entirely unknown among them, and now, we are pleased to learn, there are three of them in the city of San Francisco alone, the 14th of October, 1857, being the birth-day of the youngest, which already numbers some thirty members. Its rapid growth and prosperity are chiefly owing to the zeal and activity of its officers, who are well known in that region as cricketers and gentlemen, the names of whom are as follows:—President, W. R. Booker, British Consul; Vice President, F. Green Wilson; Treasurer, J. Clark; Secretary, James Lowe; Committee of Management, Messrs. Fox and Heatley. Among their members are some talented players, their capabilities being as follows: Mr. Fox, an excellent wicket-keeper, a first rate under-hand bowler, and with the exception of Groom, of the Pioneer, and F. Howson, of the Union, is probably the best bat in California; F. Green is a good bat and destructive under-hand bowler, and splendid field; Hart, a first class long-stop, a fair round arm bowler, and very fair bat; Wilson and White have the reputation of backing down everything as batsmen, but have not yet had the opportunity of displaying their skill; Gilchrist and Clark are also superior in the use of the willow and leather. With this team they expect, and not without foundation, to experience a very fair share of success in their contests with other clubs, and we are pleased to learn that great attention is being paid to their style of play. On the 18th ult. some gentlemen of the Union and Pioneer clubs played a very well contested single wicket match, which resulted as follows:

UNION.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..White b Boyes	6	b Boyes	1
2..Anderson b Boyes	1	b Boyes	5
		No ball	1
Total	7	Total	7

PIONEERS—First Innings.

1..Boyes b White	2
2..Days b White	17
Wides	2
Total	21

CRICKET IN WEST WINSTED, CONN.—In spite of the severity of the weather, our friends in this vicinity were determined not to give up their anticipated cricket holiday. On Saturday, 14th inst., they mustered early, and after choosing sides, played a match with the following result:

MOORE'S SIDE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..F. Roberts b Dyson	0	b Dyson	5
2..Moore b Trueman	1	b Baker	4
3..Hague c and b Dyson	2	b Baker	2
4..Dean b Trueman	1	b Trueman	2
5..W. Bowers b Dyson	3	run out	12
6..C. Nightengale not out	2	b Dyson	0
7..T. Bowers b Dyson	3	b Dyson	5
8..Andrews b Dyson	0	not out	4
9..Kent run out	0	c Baker b Dyson	5
10..Holmes b Dyson	0	c Marshall b Trueman	2
		Wides	2
Total	12	Total	43

TRUEMAN'S SIDE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..F. Nightengale c Roberts b Moore	6	b Bowers	2
2..J. Nightengale b Bowers	0		
3..Baker c Holmes b Bowers	2	c Roberts b Bowers	2
4..E Roberts b Bowers	11	not out	0
5..Trueman b Bowers	1	not out	3
6..Dyson b Moore	2		
7..Foster not out	23		
8..Smith b Bowers	0		
9..Marshall b Bowers	0	b Bowers	0
10..Duckett b Bowers	0		
Wide 1, bye 1	2	Wide 1, bye 1	2
Total	47	Total	9

VALPARAISO VS. PLYMOUTH.—An eleven of the last named club gained an overwhelming victory over the former on Saturday, 14th inst., at Germantown, Pa. The score which gives a majority to the Plymouth by 3 runs and one innings, shows some excellent points, among which in batting Messrs. Fisher and Warnock take the lead, as will be observed by taking a glance at the annexed figures:

VALPARAISO.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Armstrong b Knox	4	b Knox	3
2..J. Thirmen b Knox	1	st Firth b Warnock	2
3..Young b Knox	0	b Knox	0
4..Wistar run out	5	b Warnock	3
5..Fisher b Knox	0	b Wright	29
6..A. Abrims b Wartenby	0	b Knox	0
7..D. Abrims run out	2	absent	0
8..S. Thirmen l b w b Wartenby	0	b Firth	6
9..Dilman b Knox	2	b Wright	0
10..Meeser not out	2	c Warnock b Knox	1
11..F. Thirmen run out	0	not out	0
Wide 1, bye 1, no ball 1	3	Wides 4, byes 10, no balls 2	16
Total	19	Total	60

PLYMOUTH—First Innings.

1..Wartenby b Fisher	10	7..Warnock not out	28
2..Van Dyke c S. Thirmen b J. Thirmen	2	8..Coulter b Wistar	1
3..Knox b Fisher	9	9..W. Knox b Wistar	0
4..Firth b Fisher	4	10..Newbold b Wistar	0
5..Schaffer b J. Thirmen	11	11..Wright run out	8
6..Potts l b w b J. Thirmen	0	Wides 4, byes 3, no balls 2	9
		Total	82

Umpires—For Plymouth, T. J. Magill; for Valparaiso, J. Graff.
Scorers—Messrs. J. and W. Garrett.

PENSYLVANIA VS. INDEPENDENCE.—The first elevens of these clubs played their return match on the grounds of the latter at Philadelphia, on Monday, 9th inst., which was decided in favor of the former by 42 runs in the single innings, as the Independence gentlemen came to the conclusion that it would be unwise to further protract the game. The score of the innings were as follows:

PENNSYLVANIA—First Innings.

1..Gratz b Foster	0	6..Brown b Etting	0
2..Adams c R. Etting b Foster	0	7..Jones b Foster	1
3..Swayne b Etting	22	8..Paul not out	16
4..Thuron b Etting	2	Wide	1
5..Stroud c Florance b Etting	0		
Total			42

INDEPENDENCE—First Innings.

1..J. Etting c Hare b Gratz	6	7..Pepper b Gratz	0
2..Phillips resigned	1	8..Mitchell b Gratz	6
3..Florance hit wkt b Gratz	12	9..Reed l b w b Gratz	0
4..R. Etting run out	0	Leg bye 1, no ball 1, wides 2	4
5..Foster not out	36		
6..C. Etting l b w b Adams	18	Total	83

NATIONAL VS. TYROLEAN.—A match was played between these parties on the grounds of the Hamilton in West Philadelphia, on Saturday, 14th inst., in which the Tyrolean were beaten in one innings and 32 runs. Annexed is the score:

NATIONAL—First Innings.

1..Van Harlingen b Stellwagen	2	8..Palmer not out	10
2..Fisher b Gallagher	13	9..Troutman c Graff b Gallagher	1
3..Schwartz c Klahr b Reed	14	10..Newell b Bulloch	2
4..H. Eakin b Bulloch	0	11..Westcott c Reed b Bulloch	4
5..F. Altemus b Bulloch	3	Byes 15, wides 4	19
6..H. Kneass b Stellwagen	6		
7..Mustin b Bulloch	7		
Total			81

TYROLEAN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..J. Graff b Eakin	1	b Altemus	5
2..Montgomery c & b Altemus	4	c Kneass b Altemus	1
3..Gallagher b Altemus	0	b Kneass	1
4..Bulloch b Altemus	1	l b w b Mustin	1
5..Stellwagen b Mustin	2	b Kneass	1
6..Reed b Kneass	0	b Kneass	5
7..Klahr c Altemus b Kneass	0	c Palmer b Kness	0
8..A. Graff b Kneass	0	not out	2
9..Groff b Kneass	1	b Altemus	1
10..Abbett not out	1	b Altemus	5
Wides	4	Byes	13
Total	14	Total	35

THE LAW AS TO LEWD WOMEN.

THE matter of the late notable "Lorette Ordinances" as presented before this Court in the suit entitled City of New Orleans vs. Eliza Costello, has been decided by his Honor Judge Morgan. The ordinance, as adopted by the City Council, in March last, is otherwise entitled "An ordinance concerning lewd and abandoned women," and proposed to confine such reputed bad characters to the rear portion of the city, within certain designated limits, virtually driving thither a corrupt hoarde of wanton women, to the serious annoyance of the respectable residents of the suburbs, who were consequently obliged to seek defence from such results by applying to the Court for an injunction. The ordinance further proposed and provided that these lewd and abandoned women should not rent or occupy the ground floor of any building within the proscribed limits; that every such woman so doing shall be liable to fine and imprisonment for each contravention of the above provision; that an annual license of $100 shall be levied upon every woman or girl notoriously abandoned to lewdness; and that an annual tax of $250 shall be levied upon each and every person keeping any house, room or dwelling for the purpose of renting the same to such bad characters—net to mention numerous other equally stringent regulations for governing the conduct of these fancy women, from the streets and alley-ways through which they are permitted to roam to the very threshold of the premises they occupy.

The contest before this Court arose from the refusal of defendants to pay the tax of $250, and the consequent fine of $10 per day per capita, as the ordinance provides for each occupant of her house as long as she continues to act in contravention of the ordinance after being notified by the Mayor to pay the tax or else remove beyond the proscribed limits. The defendant's counsel filed exceptions to the prayer of the petitioner, upon which Judge Morgan has rendered substantially the following decision:

This tax of $250 is resisted upon the ground of its illegality. The ordinance is an entire one, and must be considered as a whole. Section 4th fixes the amount which the defendant must pay before exercising the occupation which she sees fit to follow. Section 3d fixes the penalty for not obtaining a license and paying the price asked for it, by imposing a fine of $100; in default of payment of which she shall be imprisoned for a term not less than thirty days.

The ordinance, to my mind at least, is not very intelligible, indeed some portions of it are difficult to explain—for instance, the imprisonment not less than thirty days. This seems to imply no maximum limit to the term of imprisonment; provided it be for thirty days, it may be for life. It is difficult to understand how the Common Council should consider themselves authorized to give such a power to any city officer. The final result of defendant's not paying her license is imprisonment for an indefinite period. Now a sum of money due for a fine or license is nothing more than a debt, and if this ordinance stand, the Common Council can imprison for debt. But such imprisonment has long since been abolished in this State. If the Council have the right to imprison the woman defendant for an indefinite period of time because she does not pay a money penalty which is exacted of her, they have the same right to imprison every other person who owes a penalty to the city. Once concede to them this power of correction, and they may extend it to any length; they may even make it a cause for hanging. Our tax-paying citizens would feel grave alarm if they were told that their lives and liberties were at the mercy of a corporation, without even having been convinced by a jury of their fellows, because they did not, or possibly could not, pay a certain sum of money which was exacted of them. Fortunately, no such authority is vested in the tax-levying power. Citizens may have exactions imposed upon them, for the satisfaction of which their property may be seized; but if they do not, or are unable to pay, and have no property out of which payment may be enforced, the penalty cannot be hanging, or imprisonment.

The portion of the ordinance in question, therefore, is clearly illegal. The council, in the exercise of a commendable zeal for the promotion of public virtue, and the no less commendable desire to meet the wants of the city by a burthensome tax upon a certain class of occupants, have overstepped their legitimate bounds, and assumed a power which is not given them by law. One portion of the ordinance being illegal, it is, as an entirety, void throughout. The exceptions taken are null, and the suit must therefore be dismissed, with costs.

The counsel for the city made application yesterday for a new trial.—New Orleans Bulletin, 7th.

SAM CHIFNEY, THE JOCKEY.

ANOTHER CHAPTER FROM "GENIUS GENUINE."

I HAVE said that horses change in their twice running. If a horse is in perfect fitness for running, he immediately becomes exhausted, little or much; he must then change in his running. A horse cannot keep his perfect fitness for running more than one race, till rested. I have seen one sweat between their twice running change horses for the worse astonishingly. It is destruction to horses to sweat them in the manner they are sweated at Newmarket, as the practice there is to sweat them once in six days, sometimes oftener; and between those days of sweating, it is usual for the horse to go out twice a day, each time having strong exercise. In these sweating days the horses are mostly covered with cloths, two or three times doubled, and go in their sweats six miles, more or less, and at times go tolerably fast. Directly the horse pulls up, he is hurried into the stable which is on the spot for that purpose. As soon as he gets in, there is often more cloths thrown upon him, in addition to those he has been his sweat in. This is done to make the horse sweat the more, and he stands thus for a time, panting, before he is stripped for scraping; that with being thus worked, clothed, and stoved, it so affects him at times, that he keeps breaking out in fresh sweats, that it pours from him, when scraping, as if water had been thrown on him. Nature cannot bear this. The horses must dwindle.

I think, in the first place, that the horse has been too long at this sort of work for his sinews; then the clothing and stoving him forces his juices from him in such quantities, must destroy their spirits, strength and speed; and much clothing jades horses. A horse don't meet with this destruction when he runs, for then he is likely to be lighter in his carcase, lighter in his feet, having plates on, not shoes, which is wonderfully in favor of his sinews; and he is without clothes, and not stoved, and his course in running is very seldom more than four miles; therefore this difference in sweating and running is immense.

When a horse pulls up from his running, he has time given him to move gently in the air, and usually scraped out upon the turf, and by these means the horse perspires no more than suits his nature.*

When a horse is first taken into work after having had a long rest, his carcase is then large and heavy, and the practice is to put more clothes upon the horse, and order him to go a longer sweat. But the horse in this stage of his training is the less able to bear more cloths, and go further in his sweats; for the horse himself being heavy, that, with boy and cloths, at times has a great weight upon his legs; that with this pressure and his work heating him, it make his sinews full and weak; and thus working a little too fast or too long upon his sinews at one stretch, they are forced out of their places. This once done, the horse seldom stands training after.

It is ignorant cruelty in the great number of horses being thus unskilfully lamed at Newmarket; and gentlemen not only lose the use of their horses and their money by it, but it so greatly deprives them of the sport that they otherwise would have.

The first fine care in training horses for running, and hunters and hacks for hard riding, is, to train their legs to be able to carry their carcase; using them first to short exercise, short gallops, short sweats, and giving time between their work for their sinews to rest, or the best of legs will become destroyed.

Horses' legs are very soon destroyed at first coming into work; but when they have had time to be well trained, scarce any running or riding will hurt them.

Some few, I am informed, have a way of pinching their race-horses in their meat and water. This is another certain way of perishing a horse in his spirits and strength. Where a horse is too large in his carcase, he should be well fed, as horses, I believe, for the most part of them are at Newmarket.

*Horses should have different brakes against weather, to scrape in. Buildings for this, I think, would be most proper made after the horse-dealers' rides in London; open in front, being out of the weather, and not out of the air. Places of this sort would be much the best for horses to saddle in; for horses saddling in those close, dark stables, they at times break out with great perspiration when saddling; and in fine, roomy places of this sort there would be proper room, &c., for noblemen and gentlemen sportsmen to command a sight of the horses at saddling; and horses are less timid being in a crowd than they are to hear it and not see it.

SPORTS ABROAD.

AQUATICS.

Sculler's Race between Drewitt and Day.

IN *Bell's Life* of September 13 were detailed the particulars of a race which had taken place on the Monday previously, and had terminated in the most unsatisfactory manner. The men were both landsmen of considerable promise as scullers, Day indeed having done much to acquire reputation and being considerably the favorite. On the occasion alluded to Day went away very rapidly with the lead, but was collared within half a mile by his opponent, who then went slightly in advance, when Day coming up hand over hand ran foul of him on his left hand scull. The decision of the referee was that Day had committed a foul according to the laws of boat-racing, and that Drewitt had consequently won the race. In order to render the thing a trifle more unpleasant, it was subsequently imported into the dispute by Day, that Drewitt's cutter had gone ahead of him in the match contrary to the articles, and that, therefore, Drewitt was not entitled to the stakes. The money was, however, subsequently handed over to Drewitt, and the opinion of every disinterested man who witnessed the race was that he was fairly entitled to it. Both men intimated their desire to row again, and they met on the 28th of September, and made the present match for £50 a side, to come off on Thursday, Oct. 29, from Putney New Bridge to Barnes Railway Bridge, one hour before high water. It was also stated in the articles that in the event of its being rough on the flood tide, the race would be rowed down one hour after high water, and the clause had to be called into requisition on Thursday last.

The morning dawned, as is usual at this time of the year, rather dull, but the sun soon came out in all his brilliancy, and it was a beautiful summer's day, so that large numbers of persons collected as it was anticipated that this would be a fine race. The wind, however, was blowing very strong down the river, and rendered the labor with tide almost as great as against it. On the way up to Barnes, on board Citizen N., there was every indication of a coming storm, the symptoms of which gathered very rapidly, and the sky was completely overcast, but there was no help for it, and those who had brought overcoats had cause for congratulation. On board the steamer was the referee, (appointed by Bell's Life,) Mr. James Parish, and the umpires were William Blake for Drewitt, and John Salter, for Day. The men appeared at their stations shortly before half-past twelve, and divested themselves of all superfluous attire, when they presented a very fine appearance, and did great credit to their trainers, Drewitt having been in the hands of William Blake, at F. Style's Isleworth, and Day having been at the Feathers, Wandsworth. Day appeared, if anything, too fine. Betting had been for the most part level, although there were some few bets of five to four on Drewitt, which increased as the day approached, but, in spite of his slightly, inferior condition at the starting-post, money was being laid out then freely at five and six to four on Day. Each took up his position within the centre arch of the bridge, but they were so close that their sculls almost touched. Close behind the men were their cutters, John Phelps being in the head of Drewitt's, and George Driver coaching Day. Drewitt (the Chelsea man) took the Middlesex side, having won the choice of station. We are bound to say that the steamer had dropped down so far ahead of the menas to render them barely visible; and, to add to that, all of a sudden down came therain, which had been gathering so long, and was borne by the wind dead into the eyes of the spectators, who were all straining to witness the start; after a deal of time wasted in the rain, they made a false start and then went back, and on the second go Day jumped away with a slight lead, but in less than one hundred and fifty yards his opponent was with him, and they were side by side, when Day, drawing too near him, their sculls slightly fouled, but they continued the race without stoppage, remaining, as before, scull and scull, for above a quarter of a mile, when Day again, from some cause, so rowed upon his adversary, as not only to foul his scull but to drag the blade of his own scull across the canvas of Drewitt's boat. No appeal whatever was made to the referee, although admonition, caution, and condemnation were measured out to Day very unsparingly. When they cleared themselves Day started away with a trifling lead, but the very moment his opponent set down fairly to his work again he passed him like a shot. So marked was Drewitt's superiority that in the next five minutes he was eight or ten lengths ahead of his opponent, in which order they passed Chiswick Eyot and through Hammersmith Bridge. Drewitt never tried to increase his lead after this, or he might have beaten Day by almost any distance. It seems to have been a prevalent opinion that Day's right arm had gone shortly after the commencement of the race, which would account for his drawing over upon his opponent as described.

STILL LATER.

From London papers, Nov. 8.

THE RING.

The Late Battle between Finighty and Lynch.

STAKES TO BE GIVEN TO FINIGHTY.

THE backers of these men attended on Friday to hear the evidence proposed to be brought forward by Mr. Beach of Gravesend, to prove that Robinson, the umpire of Lynch, had been bribed by the backers of Finighty. Three persons, a Mr. Cole, of 143 Windmill street, Gravesend, Jarvis a Gravesend boatman, and a Mr. Broderich of Westminster-road, said they heard Robinson state in a public house at Gravesend that he had lost 50s. through not being allowed to second Lynch, but as he had received £2 for what he said against him he was not much a loser. A Mr. Gibbs, of Holywell-lane, Shoreditch, stated that he saw some one put £2 into Robinson's hands on the ground, but who that person was he could not say, although he knew him by sight. He did not hear him say anything. On the other hand, Mr. Jones, of Vine-street, Hatton-garden, declared that Robinson had received nothing from him or from Morris Roberts, the other backer of Finighty, neither had they authorised any one to give him money. Mr. Jones added, that Robinson gave his decision instantly on being appealed to, and in this he was corroborated by George Brown, of the Bell, Red Lion Market, and a Mr. Duffy. We have also a letter from Morris Roberts denying in strong terms any complicity in such transaction. We have thus four persons on one side, who, however, do not prove at all distinctly, that Robinson received a bribe, as the evidence of three of them is merely as to the statement made by Robinson himself, against which we have the statement of Robinson made last week. We have, in addition to this, the positive denial of Finighty's backers that they in any way biased the umpire, and taking all these facts into consideration we do not consider there is sufficient evidence to induce us to disturb the joint fiat of the two umpires. There may be very suspicious circumstances, but suspicion is not conviction, and the money will be handed to Finighty. Robinson asserts positively that he never received a farthing from any one.

The Championship.

TOM SAYERS AND BILL BENJAMIN.—A further deposit of £20 a side for this match was made at Tom Cole's, Green Man, Green street, Church street, Blackfriars, on Thursday, in the presence of a large muster of the Fancy. Tom Sayers was present, but Benjamin was represented by Fred. Broome. Tom Sayers has since followed Benjamin's example, and gone into active training. In reference to Caunt's match with Sayers, we last week received a letter from Caunt, in which he taxes Sayers with impertinence, and talks of shuffling match-making. We cannot agree with Ben, as we think it extremely unlikely Sayers would have covered his £10 and added another £10 to it, had he not meant business. Caunt sayes he will not go on unless Sayers goes to his house to make the match.

PUGILISTIC BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting of this asiociation on Thursday, the accounts up to the present time were audited and passed, it appearing that the total amount now in the treasurer's hands amounts to £149 16s. 4½d., or, in round numbers, £150. A complant was lodged by several members of the gentlemen's committee against Inspector Adams for intoxication at several recent fights, and this being the second time, it was determined, on consideration, to suspend him from his inspectorship, but to allow him to remain on the list of persons eligible as ring constables. No successor was appointed, but it was agreed by the gentlemen's committee that, whoever the new official may be, it shall be his duty to take the whips down to future battles, and distribute them to the constables, retaining, however, the whips of all who are intoxicated, or otherwise incapable of acting, to be given to other members of the association who are fitter for the office. It was further determined that the committee will, in future, withhold payment from all constables who shall in any way act as partisans of the combatants, or in any other manner misconduct themselves. The only other resolution was one to the effect that in future, owing to the heavy drag on the funds, the committee will not appoint ringkeepers to act at fights for less than £50 a side, but the inspector shall be compelled to attend fights for any sum not less than £25 a side, provided with tickets furnished by the association, which he shall dispose of, and divide the proceeds equitably among such members of the association who may be present as he may think necessary to appoint.

AQUATICS.

Scullers Race between Finnis and Wade.

Our readers will doubtless remember that the above men contended on June 25th of the present year; on that occasion, owing, as it was then supposed, to the superiority of Wade, he staked £25 to his opponent's £20; but his friends had much overrated his rowing capabilities, in addition to which it was evident that he had fallen off much from the time when he had wrested the below-bridge championship (as they call it) from George Rice of Limehouse, for with Finnis he never stood a shadow of a chance, as the latter rowed right away from him from beginning to end, and ultimately almost lost sight of him. As Wade was also supposed not to have been in the best of health on that occasion, his backers matched him to have another trial with Finnis when he got into better rowing condition, the stake this time being a level £30 a side. George Wade of Stone Stairs, Ratcliff Highway, although an excellent rower, has not done a great many things, his performances being chiefly confined to his native place, in addition to which he has beaten Rice; he is somewhat older than his opponent, although he has not obtained so many laurels, nor contended in so many races. James Finnis of Wapping is the hero of many encounters. About the first thing we hear of him was his winning Doggett's Coat and Badge in August, 1854. Following up this victory, he won Prince Albert's Coat and Badge at the Tower (from which he was then hailing) in the same year, and also won the boat in the Tower Regatta, in the same year. In November, 1855, he rowed one of the most beautiful races ever witnessed with Henry White; the contest was maintained in a most plucky manner throughout, and White ultimately won. In June of the present year, as before stated, he obtained an easy victory over Wade. He has rowed on more than one occasion at the Royal Thames National Regatta at Putney. And, finally, on the 3d of September this year he again rowed Harry White a fine ding-dong race from Putney to Mortlake, which was not decided till they got to the middle of Corney Reach, where Finnis went in advance, and won by four or five lengths. The distance in the present race was as usual from Putney Aqudact Bridge to the Ship at Mortlake; and by perhaps what may be called a little coincidence, Finnis's training quarters, umpire, and coacher, were the same as when he rowed his last race with White, viz, the Feathers at Wandsworth, Thomas Day and Alfred Ralph; while Wade's were the Rose and Crown at Putney, a Mr. Salter, (not of the Feathers), and John Phelps.

Thursday dawned like what we should suppose Guy Fawkes Day should be—in order to remind us of the horrible deed which was about to be perpetrated—very gloomy, and looked very much like rain or fog, or both, but this did not deter many lovers of aquatics from journeying towards the scene of action. The Venus had been engaged to accompany the race, and her decks were unusually crowded with below-bridge men, who vastly predominated. All the people on board seemed to be "bookmakers," and bets were being made on each man to an alarming amount, the greater part, however, seeming to be on Finnis, at about the rate of 5 to 4. At about three o'clock the men came out, Wade in his "buff" and Finnis in a white guernsey; both men were in fine old-fashioned boats, and they themselves appeared to be in excellent condition, and elicited hearty shouts as they rowed by the steamer. Finnis having won the toss took the Middlesex shore, the water being as smooth as glass. [We had forgotten to state that Harry Kelly (Champion of the Thames) was referee.] The start was made at a quarter past three, both men taking the water at exactly the same instant, and for a race in old-fashioned (?) boats it was the fastest go-off seen for many a day; for an instant they were level, but in the next half-dozen strokes the Ratcliff man began to make headway in capital style, and was just clear about 50 yards above Finch's Cricket Ground, and gradually drawing away, till at the end of a quarter of a mile he was two clear lengths ahead. Finnis now began to mend his position, at first very rapidly, but Wade was not yet baked, and did not let his man approach him till they got to Craven. Wade now put on a spurt, which brought him again clear ahead for another 200 yards; by this time he was evidently beginning to be used up, and the next minute Finnis was level; for a few strokes Wade kept with him, but it was of now use, for the Wapping man went away hand over hand just before making the shoot for Hammersmith Bridge, at which point the race had been done in a little over seven minutes. For a sternmost man Wade rowed with the utmost game, and once or twice put on a fine spurt which showed that, although far inferior to Finnis, he was a much better man than when he rowed last June. At Hammersmith Bridge, reached in rather over ten minutes, Finnis was leading by four or five lengths, and it is unnecessary to say more, further than that he reached the Ship at Mortlake some considerable distance in advance, loudly cheered by his friends. Time, 26min. 10sec.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Match to Walk Twenty Miles.

THE match between those veteran pedestrians Bob Fuller and Dick Rogers, to walk 20 miles, for £20 a side, came off on Tuesday last, in the neighborhood of Boxmoor, about 24 miles from the metropolis, on the Birmingham line, in presence of a large concourse of spectators of unusual respectability. Before we proceed to recount the occurrences that took place on the present occasion, it is our duty, as faithful chroniclers of all such affairs, to inform our readers that the very same nimble-footed celebrities contended for supremacy in a similar match on Thursday, the 12th of last February, but the *locus ambulandi* for the decision of the event was on a turnpike road in the vicinity of Slough. The former match terminated in favor of Fuller, whose antagonist, finding himself completely outpaced, resigned the contest at the termination of the thirteenth mile. The cause of Bob's easy triumph upon that occasion was alleged to be indisposition, and not sufficient carefulness in training on the part of Rogers. So confident, however, did the friends of the latter feel of his ability to defeat Bob, if properly attended to, that they unhesitatingly resolved on making a fresh match, and Fuller, as may be naturally supposed, being nothing loth, gladly accepted the offer. Articles were forthwith drawn up and signed by both parties to walk the distance, and for the sum above stated. The competitors, fully arrayed in their running gear, toed the scratch at the appointed time (half-past twelve o'clock), Rogers attended by that well-known pedestrian, William Fewman, who stuck to him all through. Fuller's *aids de camp* were numerous, and waited on him by turns.

Both men appeared in first-rate fettle, though a diminution of that elasticity of frame, formerly so apparent, was to the keen-eyed observer quite evident. Bob with his accustomed *nonchalance* and buoyancy of spirits, was full of fun, and, after they had taken up their positions, good-humoredly asked his opponent was he ready? when, on a reply of the affirmative being given, away they started, Fuller being the favorite at 5 to 4. For the first four or five hundred yards the competitors kept well together, but after this portion of the distance had been covered, Fuller stole gradually away from his competitor, and soon left a gap of some three or four yards between them; and thus they continued until the termination of the first mile. Bob, in his earlier career, had always been famed for the fair and graceful style of his walking; and though he was not quite up to the pace, still, to see him gliding along in his well-known gallant style, put us strongly in mind of bygone days. Throughout the second, third, fourth, and fifth miles, the lead was held by Fuller, who did not, however, succeed in obtaining any decisive advantage, for, on the termination of the sixth mile, which was accomplished a little under the hour, they were not more than a trifling space apart. The match presented no new or varying feature throughout the seventh, eight, ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth miles, for during the performance of the whole of these, the leading position was maintained by Fuller, the twelve miles being accomplished in exactly two hours.

In the thirteenth mile Rogers put on the high pressure movement, and, in a gallant spurt, closed up the *hiatus* between them, and the lead was taken and held by him for a short distance. Fuller, however, was resolved if possible not to play second fiddle, and so well did he succeed in his efforts, that at the finish of the mile he was once more leading. During the performance of the fourteenth mile Fuller stole away from his opponent in a very marked manner, and again in the two succeeding miles Rogers fell more and more in the rear. Though Dick continued to contest the match with all that gameness and resolution for which he has ever been so noted, still it was now "hoping against hope," for so far was he in the rear, and so well was Fuller walking that there was not the least chance left of victory crowning his efforts. He however kept on until the finish of nearly half the nineteenth mile, when, acting under the advice of his friends, he relinquished the struggle. Fuller therefore walked the remainder of the distance by himself, and on the finish of the match it was found that he had accomplished the twenty miles in 3 hours and 28 minutes. Throughout the entire match Fuller displayed the most indomitable "game," to the possession of which essential quality in all such cases, his victory must be attributed.

A ROYAL PEDESTRIAN.—The Rheinlanders narrate with much glee anecdotes of the sojourn of the Prince of Wales at the Drachenfels. One is to the effect that the prince one morning assembled all the juvenile Rheinschnecken (spalpeens) of the village, and offered a prize of 10 thalers to the boy first at the top of the mountain—with the proviso that he (the prince) was to be in the race. The line was arranged; a fair start made; when the prince was first at the summit. He behaved like a prince, and enriched the whole fraternity by the distribution of the 10 thalers amongst them.

A BULLY RAT.

AN English paper relates the following anecdote:—A gentleman worthy of all credit, and who may be the more readily trusted as his story acknowledges his own defeat, was roused one night by a heavy bumping noise on the stairs. Unable to account for it, he rose, donned his dressing gown, and with his candle in his hand, proceeded to investigate the cause. Half-way down stairs he perceived a large rat employed in facilitating the descent of a half-loaf by pushing it down from one step to another. Anxious to redeem his property, the owner descended after it. The rat at first continued his exertions, but as the enemy gained upon him, he changed his tactics, and turning his front upwards began to climb towards his opponent. This was just such an intruder as might with all justice have been kicked down stairs; but so stern was his air and so menacing his aspect that the gentleman hesitated, and hesitation ended in retreat. His feet being armed only with slippers, he lost heart and began slowly to ascend backwards; while the rat deliberately mounted after him, and thus steadily drove him back to his bedroom, the door of which he shut in the face of his foe, and terminated the adventure by retiring to bed, while the rat returned to his well-earned booty.

DENNIS' MUSS WITH THE DOG.

A CERTAIN witness in an assault and battery suit we once heard, mixed things up considerably, in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Dennis came to him and struck him, he proceeded:

"So, yer honor, I just hauled off and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog cum along, and I hit him again."

"Hit the dog?"

"No, yer honor, hit Dennis. And then I up wid a stun and throwed it at him, and it rolled him over and over."

"Threw a stone at Dennis?"

"At the dog, yer honor. And he got up and hit me again."

"The dog?"

"No, Dennis. And wid that he struck his tall betwixt his legs and run off."

"Dennis?"

No, the the dog. And when he came back at me he got me down and pounded me, yer honor."

"The dog came back at you?"

"No, Dennis, yer honor, and he isn't hurt any at all."

"Who isn't hurt?"

"The dog, yer honor."

A SHARP BOY.—"Did you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked the master of an infant school in a fast neighborhood. "I have," shouted a six year old at the foot of the class. "Where?" inquired old spectacles, amused by his earnestness. "On the elephant," was the reply.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ZATRIKIOLOGICAL MISCELLANY.

CHESS ENIGMA.—The following slight but not inelegant effusion was produced a short time since at the table of a distinguished baronet in Lincolnshire, and has never, we believe, been published.—*Ill. Lon. News.*

Say, Cottesmore Hunt, for thou canst say,
Spite of thy valorous boast,
How oft my *first*, with chill dismay,
Has stopped thy scarlet host.

When twilight steals o'er dale and hill,
And pales the golden west,
My *second* loves to linger still
Beside the ring-dove's nest.

Though, motionless before my *whole*,
Oftimes have monarchs stood,
I never mixed the poisoned bowl,
Nor shed the regal blood.

CURIOUS COMPARISON.—The game you have sent is truly admirable, and of a far higher order than any we have the fortune to meet with in these degenerate days. It was played, however, not by Fraser and Mercier, but between Popert and Cochrane—those famous masters who irresistibly call to mind Fuller's oft-quoted comparison of Ben Jonson and Shakspeare:—"I beheld them like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. The former was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances; the latter, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."—*Staunton.*

ZATRIKIOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—Our valued contributor F. W., of St. Louis, Mo., sends us the following:—

CHESS ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* Your favorable notice of my communication, and placing me among your numerous contributors, is more than my little merit can lay claim to. Be assured, whenever I can furnish you with any original and interesting chess matter, it shall be forwarded with pleasure. I have many unpublished games played by the Monks of St. Martin; also, by Stamma the Moor, *three very fine problems.* The latter are not included in the "complete" London edition. These were presented me by Father Enselmi during a short travel through Europe. [After detailing a personal affliction, our correspondent concludes:] As soon as I shall have recovered, I shall open my little chess budget, and forward you the first fruit of my labor. Respectfully yours, F. W.

OPEN OR CLOSE DEBUTS.—We bespeak from American amateurs a candid consideration of the following; which, though written for England through the medium of the *Illustrated London News*, is applicable to all countries where the evil complained of is spreading. It is uniformly noticed as a prominent beauty in the play of our American CHESS KING that he always meets P to K 4th with the same move.

The increasing tendency among players, in serious contests, to adopt the close games can only be checked, as we have repeatedly remarked, by a mutual stipulation in every match that a certain number of the games shall be open ones. The truth is it is a great error to suppose that the question "close or open" depends altogether on the second player. In many cases the second player would prefer one of the lively, spirited gambits, and would willingly defend it; but he knows the moment he offers the challenge his opponent will shirk it, and play himself the closest of close games, the "Ruy Lopez" attack. We are glad to find, from our correspondent's communication, and from the following letter addressed to Mr. Staunton by M. Le Comte Basterot, a distinguished patron of Chess in France, that the subject is exciting the attention of amateurs both here and abroad:—

"*My Dear Sir:* Permit me to express to you my uneasiness at the direction Chess appears to be taking. Instead of the delightful excursions we were happy of old to make in the fruitful and diversified regions of the *Gambits*, in company of La Bourdonnais, McDonnell, and others, we are now condemned, it appears, to an eternal journey among the icy solitudes of the *Pawn to King's third*, and every day we appear to be carried more and more in this direction. If there were no remedy for this, I think that we might safely predict that the chess board would soon be thrown away in disgust; but a corrective, if sincerely sought for, can surely be found, and I venture to suggest the following—nay, more, to express the hope that you will set the example of its adoption in your future consultation games at the St. George's Chess Club. My proposal is this—to choose say four of the brilliant *debuts* for the next eight games; the first moves of each opening to be written on four cards; each party to draw two cards; each opening to be played *twice*; Black and White to have alternately the first move. I think no real chess-player can object to this, for surely no one is deserving the name who either dares not or does not know how to play a gambit. By way of illustration I add that the four cards might be inscribed as follows:

No. 1.		No. 3.	
Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	1..P to K 4	P to K 4
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	2..P-K B 4	K P × P
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	3..K Kt-B 3	K B-K 2
4..K B-Q B 4	P-K Kt 5	4..K B-Q B 4	B-K R 5 +
No. 2.		**No. 4.**	
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	1..P to K 4	P to K 4
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3
3..K B-Q B 4		3..K B-Q B 4	K B-Q B 4
		4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Q Kt P

"Believe me to be, my dear sir, yours very truly,
"LE CTE. DE BASTEROT."

THE KING'S GAMBITS.—Apropos to the above item is an answer to a correspondent by Herr Lowenthal, which runs on this wise:—

Diverse opinions as to the soundness of the King's Gambit attack have been expressed even as far back as the time of Ercole del Rio, Lolli, and Ponziani. The celebrated Academy of Chess at Naples discussed the question, and, after a careful analysis, pronounced the deliberate opinion that the first player ought to lose. Salvio's proverb, *Gambitto a guiocator non farci lice*, the Gambit cannot be played against a player, expresses the same conclusion; but whatever *ought* to be, the first player in a majority of cases *does* win. There is a feeling created by having the attack, which is no inconsiderable element of success. Few men develope such high qualities in defensive operations as an aggressive line of play calls forth. [Whatever be the result of the cold science of closet analysis, the above experiences in the glow of actual encounter no doubt were the reasons which decided Philidor in the opinion that the Gambit might be essayed with the assurance of at least an equal game.

THE REVISION OF THE CHESS RULES.—The following concise account of the origin of this question, at once of such interest to the whole chess world and of such vital consequence to the game itself, we quote from Staunton:

The facts are simply these:—"At the particular request of the members of the Northern and Midland Counties Chess Association, assembled at Manchester in 1853, Mr. Staunton undertook, in conjunction with Messrs. Jaenisch and Heydebrand der Lasa, to prepare a revised code of laws for Chess play. At the meeting of this Association at Leamington, last year, under the presidency of Lord Lyttelton, an epitome of the new rules proposed by Messrs. Jaenisch, Heydebrand, and Staunton was read; and, after some discussion upon controverted points, it was resolved that a committee be formed to confer with Mr. S. upon his and his colleagues' new rules, and upon the best mode of making those rules public. The committee had one meeting (not several, as stated,) and, after hearing an abstract of the revised laws which had been prepared by Mr. Staunton, they unanimously agreed that it was highly expedient Mr. S.'s new code of regulations, accompanied by explanatory extracts from the treatises of his colleagues, MM. Jaenisch and Heydebrand, should be forthwith printed; and that the new rules should be finally submitted to the Association at the next meeting in 1856."

But the meeting of 1856 never came off, and at the recent great Congress at Manchester, though the subject appeared in one of the earlier programmes, it was afterwards stricken out, and nothing was done. It is now well understood that Staunton and Der Lasa are conservative in the matter, only urging a few manifest reforms in what may be called the exteriors of Chess; but it is feared that Jaenisch and the powerful St. Petersburg Club are urging, or have even already adopted, such radical changes as if carried out must isolate them from the Chess-playing world. This would be an injury to the perfection and universality of our noble game truly to be deplored. Italy has hitherto been our outlaw, but just as the long and earnest efforts to bring her back are being crowned with success, must we have a northern revolt to mar and retard our progress towards a universal science? We join Staunton in asking them yet to pause and consider.

Viewed in this light it is not too much to say that the eyes of all Chess-playing Europe are upon the pending decision of our own strong Committee upon the Chess Code. They manifestly hold the balance of power; as into whichever scale their weighty opinion goes, that must preponderate. For ourselves we doubt not the result. Walker's opinion, before given, expresses the prevailing sentiment of our players. Conservative counsels will prevail and the principles of our gentle science so long ripening will be perfected, and under one universal language will themselves become as universal as the delightful practice of the game based upon them.

CHESS IN BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Chess Club have removed their quarters to the rooms of Mr. Louis Grantegein, No. 120 Atlantic street, S. E. corner Henry (basement), where they will meet, *every* evening, during the winter. The annual subscription has been reduced to *two dollars*, which sum is used only to defray the expense of boards and men, the best styles of which—similar to those used at the National Chess Congress—have been provided. Subscriptions to be paid to T. Frere, Esq., Secretary, at the Club room. We have often had occasion to note the onward progress of this vigorous Club, and hail with sincere pleasure this new evidence of their determination to excel, evinced in arrangements to meet every night. A challenge to some rival Club, say Boston or Syracuse, to a match, would be the crowning item of a capital programme for the season. Let it be remembered that the 1st prize in the Minor Tournament of the late Chess Congress went to this Club, in the person of W. Horner, Esq.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. B. C., Hoboken, N. J.—Brief, but welcome indeed. Now may we look for a compliance with the other part of the proposition alluded to? The solution we shall retain until we re-publish the problem, as amended, which we shall soon do.

ALONZO, Salem, Mass.—Well and artistically done—if done well. We will lay it before the author. Would you like to play a match game this season? We have a friend in Ohio who would be glad to encounter you.

CAMBRIDGE, Boston.—In default of Alonzo's accepting the above, would you or G. H. H. take it up?

X. Y. Z., SENIOR.—A good thing keeps well, you know. You will be quite justified in claiming your game; or, at least, in dropping it if not forwarded or explained at once.

W. V. W., N. Y.—Unless you are conscious that the game will be quite strongly contested, probably the course adopted will be, taken all in all, most satisfactory. Forward us the game, with your notes, at its conclusion, and if deemed advisable, all round, we will have the return through the CLIPPER.

SOMMERVILLE, N. Y.—Solution, right. Your own problem shall have its turn—and its trial.

A LEARNER, Lockport, N. Y.—Yours of 7th inst. duly received, and contents promptly forwarded to the publisher indicated. You will have seen, a week ago, that the first indicated move was the right and only one in Problem No. 87.

SEQUENCE, Albany, N. Y.—Welcome back, after your summer's silence! Right. Of course we expect to be "posted up" on the consummation of your Club—and that at no distant day.

ROOK, N. Y.—We don't give you credit for overmuch sharpness in not seeing that in our solution of Enigma 87, the 1st move given was a mere clerical error for Kt to Q 3d. Your move of Kt to R 4th is the same, in effect, driving the K to that particular sq.

AGAMENTICUS, Lynn, (Mass.?)—No. 88, right; think you can do our present problem in that time? Staunton's Chess-Players' Hand-Book is the treatise you want. Get also Agnel's "Chess for Winter Evenings."

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 88.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..Q B to K 7	Kt to B 2 *best*	3..P to K 5	Any move
2..K B × Kt	B moves	4..Kt–K 4, mate.	

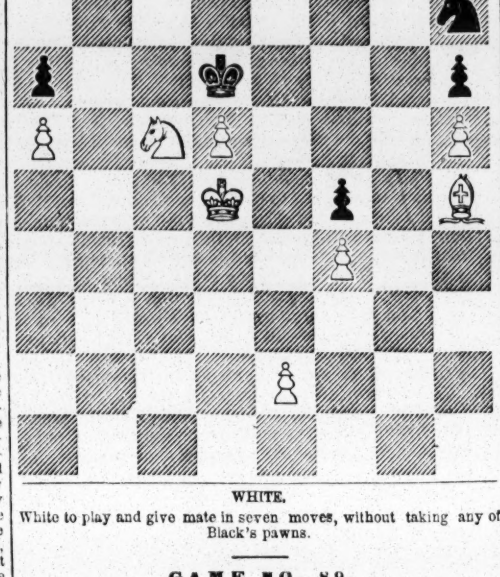
SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 88.

P takes R, Queening, is Black's fatal move.

PROBLEM NO. 89.—BY EDWIN J. WELLER.

THE BOSTON CHESS STUDY.—DEDICATED TO S. LOYD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in seven moves, without taking any of Black's pawns.

GAME NO. 89.

A fine game between Messrs. Greenaway and Mongredien. Aside from its commanding merits, our readers will be interested to learn that this *partie* arose out of the analysis of the "new" Bishop's Gambit given by us some months since.—*Bell's Life.*

BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. Mongredien.	Defence, Mr. Greenaway.	Attack, Mr. Mongredien.	Defence, Mr. Greenaway.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	24..K to R 2	K Kt × R (*d*)
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	25..Q × K Kt	R–Q sq (*e*)
3..K B-Q B 4	Q–K R 5 +	26..Q–K R 5	K–his Kt 2
4..K–his B sq	P–K Kt 4	27..Kt × B P (*f*)	Kt P × Kt
5..Q Kt–B 3	K B–Kt 2	28..Q–K Kt 6 +	K–his B sq
6..P–Q 4	P–Q 3	29..Q × K R P +	Q–K Kt 2
7..K Kt–B 3	Q–K R 4	30..Q B × B P	Q × Q
8..P–K R 4	P–K R 3	31..Q B × Q +	K–his Kt sq
9..P–K 5	Q P × K P	32..K B–K 4	B–Q 4
10..Q Kt–Q 5	K–Q sq	33..K B × B	R × K B
11..K–Kt sq	Q–K Kt 3	34..R–K B sq	Kt–K 4
12..Kt × K P (*a*)	Q–K B 4	35..K–his R 3	R–Q 6 +
13..Kt–Q Kt 6	R P × Kt	36..P–K Kt 3	Kt–K B 2
14..Kt × B P +	K–his 2 (*b*)	37..B–K B 4	P–Q B 4
15..Kt × K R	Q Kt–B 3 (*c*)	38..R–K sq	R–Q 2
16..P–Q B 3	Q B–K 3	39..R–K 6	P–Q Kt 4
17..K B–Q 3	Q–her 4	40..R–Q Kt 6	P–Q Kt 5
18..Kt–Kt 6 +	K–his B 2	41..R–Q Kt 5	P–Q Kt 3
19..Q–K B 3	K B × P +	42..R × Kt 1st P	R–Q R 2
20..B P × K B	Q × Q P +	43..B–K 3	R × R P
21. K–R 2	K Kt–B 3	44..B × B P	R × Kt P
22..K R–Q sq	Kt–his 5 +	45..R × Kt 2d P	R × R
23..K–R sq	Kt–B 7 +	49..B × R, and wins.	

(*a*) The new move—or, rather, the first part of it. The following move is the real novelty. The move, 12..Kt takes P, on which this "new" attack hinges, was given by von Grimm, some years ago; but he did not discover Mr. Taylor's subsequent beautiful and original move, the keystone of the attack, 13..Kt to Q Kt 6th, *et seq.* On the Defence replying to the capture of his K P with 12..Q to K B 4th, von Grimm could find no better continuation for the Attack than 13..Q to K R 5th, which leaves him with the worst of it.

(*b*) Probably the best square.

(*c*) A bold experiment; but in a new game the defence can only be discovered by trying every move in turn.

(*d*) Disdains drawing a fine game by perpetual check.

(*e*) This is not the best move. He could now get a winning position by Kt to Q Kt 5th.

(*f*) Excellent play.

ENIGMA NO. 89.—BY JUVENIS.

WHITE.—K at Q 2; Q at Q R sq; B at K 4; Kt's at Q 6, and Q Kt 3; P's at K Kt 3, K B 5, Q B 3, and 5th.

BLACK.—K at his 4; Q at K Kt 2; B at Q R sq; Kt at Q 8; P's at K Kt 4, and K 2d.

White to play and mate in two moves.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

GAME FIRST.—SCOTCH GAMBIT.

White—Boston.	Black—Philadelphia
19..K R to Q 7	Q to K sq
20..Q to her sq	Q R to Q sq
21..K R takes R	Q takes R

GAME SECOND—EVANS GAMBIT.

White—Philadelphia.	Black—Boston.
19..Q Kt to Q 2	Kt takes B
20..P takes Kt	Q B to Q R 3

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND METELLUS.

White—X. Y. Z.	Black—Metellus.
16..Kt to K 6	Q to K 2
17..Kt takes R	R takes Kt
18..Q B to Q R 3	Q to K B 3

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND EN PRISE.

Black—X. Y. Z.	White—En Prise.
11..Castles	Q B to Q 2
12..Q B to Q 2	Kt to K R 4
13..Q to K Kt 5	

BETWEEN LOPEZ AND METELLUS.

Black—Lopez.	White—Metellus.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4
2..K B to Q B 4	K B to Q B 4
3..Q to K 2	P to Q 3
4..P to K B 4	Kt to K B 3

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

☞ "The cry is, still they come."

A CARD.

BOSTON, November 8, 1857.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* So we are really going to have a Draught Tournament. * * * * And with you at the head, there is "no such word as fail." Why cannot the Draught fraternity club together, choose a committee, and make definite arrangements? As for myself, I will do everything in my power, being an ardent student and enthusiastic admirer of the game. With many wishes for your prosperity, I remain yours, "B."

A CARD.

YORKVILLE, November 16, 1857.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* I buy the CLIPPER wholly on account of the Draughts, and would give ten times as much to get it. Please "count me in" for the Draught Congress—the only way to "put strong players before the country."

Respectfully, ROBT. SHORT.

A CARD.

HARRY OF BUFFALO—*Dear Sir:* Will you be kind enough to make the *sixth*, instead of the fifth move, in Mr. Drummond's game? You can plainly discover that the fifth move is a draw. Please to examine the sixth of Mr. D. (3 to 7.) Yours, "AUGUSTUS."

A CARD.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* Allow me to offer a few remarks on Mr. Drummond's Single Corner game.

Attack.		Defence.		Attack.		Defence.	
1..11	to 15	22	to 18	4.. 4	to 8	24	to 20
2..15	22	25	18	5..10	15	26	22
3.. 8	11	29	25	6.. 6	10 (A 3)		
				(A 3)			
6..		27	24	7..10	14	31	26

On this move (31 to 26) hang my hopes of a draw. I will thank any one, who has the time, to *try* an analysis of it, and if they show that it *loses*, so much the better.

Drummond, in his published variations, has left out the following one for the Defence.

Attack.		Defence.		Attack.		Defence.	
6.. 6	to 10	23	to 19	8..9	to 14	18	9
7..15	24	28	19	9..5	14, and I think Attack wins.		

I would also call attention to another variation from Anderson's Single Corner, as follows:

Attack.		Defence.		Attack.		Defence.	
1..11	to 15	22	to 18	7.. 8	to 12	27	to 24
2..15	22	25	18	8..16	19	23	16
3.. 8	11	29	25	9..12	19	20	16
4.. 4	8	24	20	10..11	27	18	11(*a*)
5..10	15	25	22	11.. 7	16	31	15
6..12	16	21	17				

(*a*) Anderson, in Variations 39 and 50, shows that 32 to 16 loses.

Wylie now plays, for Attack's 12th move, 9 to 13, and wins. Will any of your correspondents prove which is correct? I think Wylie is. NEMO.

VARIATIONS ON GAME NO. 76.—NEW SERIES.

DEDICATED TO MARTIN. BY NEMO.

DEFIANCE.

Attack.		Defence.		Attack.		Defence.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	11.. 2	to 9	24	to 20 (B)
2.. 9	14	27	23	12..15	24	28	19
3.. 8	11	22	18	13..11	15	20	16
4..15	22	25	9	14..15	24	27	20
5.. 5	14	29	25	15..12	19	23	16 {C, D,}
6..11	15	25	22	16..10	15(*b*)	16	11 {E, F}
7.. 4	8	32	27	17.. 7	16	20	11
8.. 8	11 (*a*)	22	17	18..14	17	21	14
9.. 6	9 (A)	17	13	19.. 9	18, and draws.		
10.. 1	5	13	6				

(A)

9..14	18	23	14	17.. 1	17	19	15
10..11	16	26	23 (H)	18..12	16	15	11
11.. 6	9	14	5	19.. 7	10	11	7
12..15	18	23	14	20..10	15	7	2
13..16	32	24	19	21..15	19	6	1
14.. 2	6	17	13	22..16	20	1	6
15..10	17	21	14	23..19	23	28	24
16.. 6	9	13	6	Drawn.			

(H)

10..		27	23	15 . 3	8	26	23
11..15	18	24	20	16.. 6	9	23	18
12..18	27	31	24	17.. 9	13	19	16
13..16	23	26	19	18..12	19	24	6
14.. 1	5	30	26	19.. 2	9, and draws.		

(B)

11..		30	25	15..16	32	24	19
12..14	18	23	14	16..15	24	22	6
13.. 9	18	26	22	17..24	27	31	24
14..11	16	21	17	18..32	27, and draws.		

(C)

16..		26	23	19..15	19	24	15
17..14	17	21	14	20.. 7	11, and draws.		
18.. 9	27	31	24				

(D)

16..		26	22	19.. 3	19	20	16
17..15	18	22	15	20..14	17, and draws.		
18.. 7	11	16	7				

(E)

16..		30	25	20.. 7	16	20	11
17..14	17	21	14	21.. 5	9	26	22
18.. 9	18	31	27	22..19	23, and draws.		
19..15	19	16	11				

(F)

16..		31	27	19..14	18	30	25
17..15	19	16	11	20.. 9	14, and draws.		
18.. 7	16	20	11				

(*a*) Uncle Sam will see from this that I regard 8 to 11, for the 8th move, a draw, but condemn it as a worse move than 6 to 9.

(*b*) This must be the move Martin applies note c to, which is not set down in his game. 14 to 18 loses. I remain yours truly, NEMO.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B., of Boston.—We publish your welcome letter this week. Accept our thanks. You are in the "right spot." You have our thanks also for the game. Be kind enough to examine the following variation, viz: instead of 4 to 8, suppose Black moves 7 to 10, at his seventh move? what then?

EMULP EDMON, New York.—Will publish a position of yours soon. Your third (in order) contains an error as it appears on the Diagram. The position is as follows:

White men on 10, 11, 25, and 26. Kings on 18, 20, 27, and 30.
Black men on 2, 3, 13, 17, and 28. Kings on 19, 21, and 32.
White to move and win.

The solution reads: White, 1, 26, 23. Black, 19, 16. Of course there is "a hole in the skimmer." What do you mean by "give away," at the head of your game?

ALONZO, Salem, Mass.—"Augustus" wishes to play you "a few games at Draughts," by mail. Address R. A. D. Winchester, Mass.

METELLUS.—"Them moves;" ain't you agoin' to make 'em?

E. F. S.—As above.

UNCLE SAM.—Look out for that End-Game soon.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 163.

NEW SERIES.

BY "WOBURN."

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1.. 2	to 6	14	to 7	4..16	to 11	7	to 16
2..20	16	21	14	5..12	26	24	27
3..30	25	29	22	6..26	30 and wins.		

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 164.

NEW SERIES.

BY "NEMO."

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..29	to 25	21	to 30	4.. 1	to 6	14	to 7
2..31	26	30	25	5.. 6	2	5	14
3..15	11	7	18	6.. 2	9 and wins.		

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 165.

NEW SERIES.

BY "FOO FOO."

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..23	to 27	32	to 23	4.. 3	to 8	11	to 4
2.. 5	9	14	5	5.. 6	10		
3.. 7	3	21	14	and wins.			

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 166.

NEW SERIES

BY G. R. MARDEN.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..14	to 9	13	to 6	5..15	to 10	6	to 15
2..23	26	30	14	6..24	19	15	24
3..21	25	29	22	7..28	19		
4..31	27	32	23	and wins.			

GAME NO. 85.—NEW SERIES.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT, "FAIR PLAY," OF BUFFALO, N. Y.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* The following is a game from Anderson's Treatise. It is identical with his Single Corner, up to variation 5th. Then variation 23d, which termination ends in a draw.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	22	to 18	12..16	to 19 (*a*)	17	to 13
2..15	22	25	18	13.. 2	7	22	18
3.. 8	11	29	25	14.. 7	10	32	27
4.. 4	8	24	20	15.. 3	8	27	24
5..10	15	25	22	16..10	14	26	23
6..12	16	21	17	17..19	26	30	23
7.. 8	12	27	24	18..14	17	23	19
8..16	19	23	16	19..17	21	19	16
9..12	19	20	16	20.. 8	12	15	11
10..11	27	18	11	21..12	19	24	15
11.. 7	16	31	15			and draws.	

(*a*) I would respectfully ask Mr. Drysdale (who feels like being *Champion* at this game.) why Anderson does not "go in" and win, at this point? Is not this an error in the Scottish Champion's work? Should I rely upon 15 to 19 being the best move for Black, I am safe in replying 17 to 13; but suppose Black moves 9 to 13, how does White draw? I call the attention of all Draught players to this particular game. Mr. Drysdale, in a card, struck rather hard, when he talked about the "flippant errors," mentioned by "Harry."

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN METELLUS AND A. F.

Black—Metellus.			White—A. F.	
7.. 9	14		18	9
8.. 5	14		32	27
9.. 6	9		22	18

POSITION NO. 167.

NEW SERIES.

By Robert Short.

Dedicated to R. W. WILTON.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and win.

POSITION NO. 168.

NEW SERIES.

By E. Hull.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to play and draw.

MATCH GAME.

Between Foo Foo and E. F. S.

BLACK—E. F. S.

WHITE—Foo Foo.

Black to move.

MATCH GAME.

Between Alonzo and E. F. S.

BLACK—Alonzo.

WHITE—E. F. S.

White to move.

AMUSEMENTS.

CITY SUMMARY.

THERE'S been a muss among the flunkies at the Academy of Music, and "the season" has prematurely closed. It seems that, "owing to the pressure of the times," it was impossible to impress upon the public the neccessity that existed for a strong turn out at the opera, and the consequence was that the receipts were about one-third less than the expenses, so the management had to levy upon the sinking fund, which was not much relished by the proprietors of the said fund, and the thing became a bore. The management then broached the subject of reducing salaries, and a meeting was the immediate result. The leading members of the troupe, including La Grange, D'Argrie and a few others, agreed to the proposed reduction, but the orchestra and chorus would'nt budge an inch, so the manager very properly closed the shanty, and "stopped their beans" altogether. While hundreds of our own citizens are parading the streets, with banners having inscribed thereon "We *Want* Work," these foreign "flunkies of the opera" hoist the rag with their motto "We *Won't* Work." By their silly conduct they have sealed their own fate.

"The Sea of Ice" seems to have frozen fast on to the affection of all New York, for it still continues to attract large numbers of our warm-hearted citizens, notwithstanding the intensely cold nature of the subject. Miss Keene announces a performance for Thanksgiving Day. May she have cause to give extra thanks at the close of the day.

Anna Maria Quinn, the "infant phenomenon," made her exit at Burton's on the 21st. She's a nice girl, has talent, and all that sort of thing, but is altogether too little to fill such a big place as Burton's. Since the departure of the little 'un, Mr. Burton has changed the style of his entertainments, and is giving a mixture of "all sorts." Its "pretty tight papers" at Billy's just about these times.

Mr. Mathews keeps "trying it on," at the Broadway, and draws as well as "circumstances will admit," but said "circumstances" are of an uncommon order, and seize hold of many a quarter, which, under any other circumstances, might go towards liquidating salaries of actors and actresses. Mr. Mathews has been doing Harry Jasper, in "A Bachelor of Arts," and Mr. Lester has followed suit at Wallack's. A nice opportunity to draw comparison if they *are* odious.

Speaking of Wallack's reminds us that the new play of "Romance after Marriage," which was produced here for the first time on the 17th, and run through the week, is played out already. Our readers may form some idea of its merits from this simple fact alone, for if a play draws now-a-days, it is held on to with death-like tenacity. All the critics in the world can't make a bad piece fill a theatre in these times, and this is why Alphabetical Wilkins, of the *Herald*, fears to have any of his plays performed just now.

Speaking of friend Wilkins, brings to our mind the subject of his recent muss with Billy Mulligan, of which the Sunday *Courier* gave a description on the 15th, and made sundry alterations, corrections, and amendments on the 22d, at the urgent request of Mr. W. It didn't show fight as it did on the occasion when the Fillibusters, Walters and Lyster, demanded a "change of sentiment." But we'll change the subject.

"Hear we are, Mr. Merryman, hear we are again!" Misfortunes, they say, never come singly—neither do circuses, it might be added. The Bowery boys are in their glory—for Manager Eddy has engaged Sands, Nathan & Co.'s Circus, with all their astonishing quadrupeds, wonderful bipeds, and strange associates generally. They opened at the Bowery Theatre on Monday evening to a tip-top house, and made their mark at once.

An opposition house has been started a block or two above, where the Dutch lager beer garden "hold out." Mr. Tryon is the head man of this concern, and he calls it "the only legitimate circus that has been in New York in six years." Those, therefore, who have been improving "sawdust" upon us during that time have much to answer for. Tryon's troupe are tryin' to compel brother Eddy to stick to the legitimate drama, and not invade the rights of the circus house pieces, under the present unfavorable auspices. In brother Tryon's "legitimate circus" we find Mad. Tourviare, who is "great on the horse," Hen Moliqua and Sons, "the world-renowned," whom we never before heard of; A. Siegrist, Benoit, Wyatt, S. Jackson, Rench, Masters George Nixon; and Ferdinand and Theodore Tourviare. The clowns of this motley group are Little Bobby Williams, and M. Siegrist, of "the "sweet German accent."

Brother Bourcicault says he is going in for American drama, now; for which let us all pray. The foreign supply must have entirely failed by this time, or our worthy friend would not attempt the suicidal act he so complacently contemplates. However, let us patiently await the issue.

Talking about the American drama, we might say that a really "native production," by another really "native production," has just been produced at Barnum's Museum. It is a drama founded on an event which is supposed to have actually "occurred during the late Southern contest," (if our readers know what that is,) and called "Our Country's Sinews; or, the Mechanic, and the Volunteer." Mr. Henry Watkins is the author *of* the play, as well as the mechanic and volunteer, *in* the play.

But we must not forget the fun to be had at "Bryant's." These truly comical minstrels seem to enter into the fun as heartily as if they were in reality the happy creatures they represent. This accounts for the great success they have achieved. For real enjoyment, there's no place in the city where so much can be had for a quarter.

While on the subject of fun, we might mention that our serious friend Burton has actually attempted a "doleful joke" in his advertisement for an entertainment to be given at his theatre on Thanksgiving night. Says he—

"A Hearty Laugh in these hard times
Is worth a pocket full of dimes.
Invest your Fifty Cents with BURTON,
You'll get your worth of fun for certain."

He might have added—

If not before, behind the curtain.

Brother Brougham has returned to town—he looks bad, the result of a recent indisposition while sojourning in Rochester. We have not been advised of what friend B. contemplates doing in the theatrical world, but we wish him *well*, at all events.

Christy & Wood's Minstrels have brought out a new comicality called "Dogs in the Dog Days," and the company play the very dogs with it.

THE AMATEURS.—The Burton Dramatic Association gave an entertainment at Humor Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 18th inst., on which occasion they presented their patrons with Shakespeare's tragedy of "Othello" and the screaming farce of "The Omnibus." We will not dwell upon the merits of the players; suffice it to state that each and every one was thar. M. Woodruff, after the tragedy, gave a recitation of "The Dying Soldier" in a masterly style. (The recitation alluded to appeared some time ago in the columns of this paper.) During the performance a gang of ruffians forcibly entered the Hall with the intention of doing mischief before the arrival of the police, who were promptly sent for. Mr. T. I. Cussen, manager of the Edwin Booth Club, was dastardly assailed in his endeavors to protect a young lady from their base and wicked insults. During the melee he received a severe blow upon the forehead, which deprived him of all consciousness. We, with a few others, conveyed him to the Mercer street station house, where he was properly cared for. The rowdies made good their escape.

The G. L. Fox Dramatic Association, we understand, are soon to give a performance at Humor Hall. The programme consists of drama and farce. This club has had a recess for the last few months, and has now resumed its place in the amateur firmament, with M. J. R. Walters as its manager. We bail them back with pleasure.

We have lost scent of the Murdoch Club. Our exertions to ferret them out have been entirely fruitless. Will somebody acquaint us with their whereabouts?

The John R. Scott Club were about to give a benefit to the celebrated Boone Children, when their proceedings terminated somewhat abruptly by the interference of a third person closely connected with the children. The Club is not to be censured, but per contra, are deserving of praise for the hospitable feelings exhibited towards the unfortunate children, and the public may rest assured that, were it not for the aforesaid individual's interference, they would have carried out their benevolent intentions. AMATEUR CRITIC.

NATIONAL SUMMARY.

A monster Prize Concert will take place at Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, on Monday, Dec. 9th, when a magnificent gold watch, two silver goblets, and a champion belt, will be awarded to the best Glee Club, Jig Dancer, Comic Singer, Banjo Player, &c., &c.

☞ Our General Summary is unavoidably omitted. Ample amends will be made in our next.

CRICKET.

NOTICE.—Our cricketing and sporting friends will be pleased to learn that Mr. R. Smith has taken and fitted up in the most convenient style, the house 37 Bowery, and christened it the Cricketer's Home, where they can take a *ball* or two without endangering their *stumps*. Call *over* and see him, and we will venture to say that he will give you excellent lessons in *long stopping*.

CRICKET IN CINCINNATI.—The cricketers of this region, in bringing their season to a close, had, it appears, a grand time all round. Our correspondent, Union, has rendered it unnecessary to enter into detail; his letter, which we give below, contains all particulars; still, we cannot relinquish our pen, until we have returned thanks to the gentlemanly cricketers of Cincinnati for their kind regards for the success and future prosperity of our little craft, and assure them that we shall always use our utmost endeavors to merit them. The match, averages, &c., also given below, serve as an index in reference to the attainments of our Cincinnati friends in this favorite game, and we admit that it gives us great pleasure to have an opportunity to congratulate them on the result.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 17, 1857.

DEAR CLIPPER: As the season of our play has drawn to a close, it follows naturally that the closing scenes of the same should be duly chronicled; and first, the annual election of officers comes on the programme, with the following result:—President, W. H. Coolidge; Vice, S. B. Wheldon; Secretary, Jonathan Hattersly; Treasurer, J. Stoll; Standing Committee, Messrs. West, Stoll and Roscoe; Property man, Benjamin Buckley; General, Wm. Bradshaw; being mostly a re-election of old officers, towards whom no better expression of regard for their services could have been given, for it is certainly due to the extra attention and industry of all the previous officers of this club that she now holds her position as one of the best clubs in the Union; I speak in regard to stability, respectability of members, and interest in the game. The selection was honorable both to the members as well as the gentlemen selected. The next on the programme was our closing match of the season, played Thursday, Nov. 12th, Messrs. Hattersley and Coolidge selecting the sides, which resulted in a signal defeat of our tail friend's party in one innings. As it rained pretty much all the time we were playing, the concourse of spectators was not very large; they had, nevertheless, a pleasant day's sport, in which some of the members astonished the older players with their progress, assuring them that it would require greater exertions on their part to keep the lead; and here permit me to say, that the members, one and all, speak in the highest praise of the benefit they have received from the instruction of Mr. Bradshaw, who has been our guest for a little while back, and who will, if it can be arranged, make a permanent residence with us next Spring. I enclose you the score of the game.

In the evening the members, with invited guests, sat down to a regular old fashioned English cricketers' supper, set out by mine host Mr. Atkins, an old cricketer, and well did he fill his station and table; roast beef, plumb pudding, and other things in keeping, were well taken care of by the hungry ones—winding up with toasts, songs, sentiments, &c., in which you were kindly remembered, and good feeling still further engendered. And now, as a finale to this long epistle, I send you the averages of our batsmen and bowlers. Accept the kind regards of the club for your courtesy in the many little favors pressed upon you, and all join in expressions of future prosperity, a free wind, and smooth sea for your CLIPPER of the press.

SCORE OF THE GAME.

HATTERSLY'S SIDE.

First Innings.		Second Innings	
1..J. Hattersly c Bradshaw b Coolidge	11	c Storer b Bradshaw	0
2..Hattersly b Bradshaw	4	b Coolidge	5
3..Carson hit wkt b Coolidge	3	c and b Bradshaw	1
4..Whitehouse b Coolidge	0	run out	0
5..Ogden b Bradshaw	5	c West b Bradshaw	0
6..Ruscoe c Colton b Bradshaw	6	c Colton b Bradshaw	12
7..Williamson c West b Coolidge	0	b Coolidge	0
8..Buckley b Bradshaw	1	run out	0
9..Black not out	0	not out	0
10..Conkling b Bradshaw	5	hit wkt b Coolidge	0
Leg bye 1, wides 4	5	Wides	2
Total	40	Total	20

COOLIDGE'S SIDE.—First Innings.

1..Coolidge c and b S. Hattersly	8	7..Brockenshire c Buckley b S. Hattersly	2
2..Bradshaw c Ruscoe b J. Hattersly	17	8..Scott run out	0
3..Colten b J. Hattersly	1	9..Thompson st S. and b J. Hattersly	0
4..Crowther not out	7	10..Brown run out	0
5..West c Buckley b S. Hattersly	14	Byes 3, wides 4	7
6..Storer b S. Hattersly	5	Total	61

BATSMEN'S AVERAGES.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Average.	Over.	Times not out.	Highest Score in one Innings.
T. Wheldon	4	7	91	13–0	0	0	—
J Hattersly	8	15	128	8–8	0	0	—
R. Berrell	6	12	101	8–5	0	0	—
S. Hattersly	8	15	74	4–14	2	2	—
W. H. Coolidge	8	14	79	5–9	0	0	—
J. Hogden	8	15	68	4–8	2	0	—
T. Johnson	6	11	54	4–10	0	0	—
W. Piercy	6	11	49	4–5	2	0	—
R. Bell	5	10	36	3–6	0	0	—
J. C. Colien	5	9	31	3–4	0	0	—
N. W. West	5	9	39	4–3	2	0	—
J. Whitehouse	4	8	25	3–1	0	0	—
J. J. Cassidy	4	7	27	3–6	1	1	—
B. Buckley	2	4	11	2–3	0	0	—
F. Hopper	2	3	11	3–2	0	0	—
Hopkins	2	4	13	3–1	2	2	—
A. Stole	4	8	21	2–5	0	0	—
L. Packham	4	8	11	1–3	0	0	—

BOWLERS' AVERAGES.

Names.	Innings Bowled in.	Balls Bowled.	Overs.	Runs made from.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Average Number of Runs Bowled for each Wicket.	Average Balls Bowled from each Over.	Average Number of Runs obtained for each Wicket.	Over.	Wide Balls.	No Balls.	Average Wicket per Innings.	Over.
J Hattersly	8	475	119	217	33	25	8–18	19–0	8–17	1–7	—	—	—	—
T Wheldon	8	321	81	107	28	25	4–26	12–21	4–7	1–7	—	—	—	—
R. Berrill	6	243	61	85	16	9	9–24	27–0	9–4	1–5	—	—	—	—
R. Bell	5	217	55	125	9	10	12–5	21–7	12–5	2–5	—	—	—	—
W Colidge	4	96	24	24	7	7	3–3	13–5	3–3	1–0	—	—	—	—

Yours respectfully, UNION.

BATSMEN'S AVERAGES,

OF THE EMPIRE CRICKET CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Averages.	Over.	Times not out.	Highest Score in one Innings.
Waples	3	4	76	19–0	1	1	25
Thomas	3	4	41	10–1	0	0	37
Roberts	3	4	19	4–3	0	0	14
Hanson	3	4	31	7–3	0	0	15
Bl[illegible]xiston	2	2	14	7–0	0	0	14
Godwin	3	4	24	6–0	0	0	14
Harwood	2	3	8	2–2	1	0	8
Dilworth	2	3	4	1–1	0	0	2
Yong	3	4	5	1–1	0	0	3
Schmitz	1	1	8	8–0	0	0	8
Traquer	2	3	8	2–2	2	0	6

HARDS VS. SOFTS.—Newark, Nov. 16th 1857.—FRIEND CLIPPER: The "Mechanics' Cricket Club," of this city, closed their season on Wednesday, the 11th inst., with a "days play" and a "night of it." The field was visited in the afternoon by a large number of the friends of the club, and the entertainments passed off with satisfaction to all—particularly the "soft's." The sides were named the "Hard's and "Soft's," a local "designation" of two of the officers. After the game was over, the party repaired to the "Punch Bowl," the head quarters of the cricketers of this city, kept by T. Smith, and partook of various entertainment of meats, vegetables, and other fixins, to the no small enjoyment of themselves, and profit we hope of the landlord. Song, entertainment, and all that sort of thing was the order of the evening. "Good looks" were taken at intervals, and at the close of the evening's pleasure, a regular "*good* look" was indulged in by all, with the hope of a pleasant season in spring. Yours, &c., FROSTY WHISKERS.

SCORE OF THE MATCH.

HARD SOLDERS' SIDE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Jennings b Perrin	0	run out	2
2..Pridham st Turner b Perrin	0	b Perrin	1
3..T. Warner c Jefferson b Perrin	0	b Perrin	7
4..Petty b Jefferson	25	c Biggs b Perrin	2
5..Ledwith b Perrin	5	l b w b Perrin	3
6..Elverson b Perrin	11	b Biggs	11
7..Lewis c Turner b Jefferson	4	c Biggs b Perrin	1
8..Haines c Greathead b Perrin	6	c Turner b Jefferson	6
9..Sherriff b Perrin	0	b Biggs	2
10..Smith not out	1	c and b Biggs	0
11..Jennings, Jr., b Perrin	0	not out	2
Byes 7, leg bye 1, wides 5	13	Byes	4
Total	65	Total	41

SOFT SOLDERS' SIDE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Pennington c T. Warner b Ledwith	6	hit wicket b Petty	1
2..Greathead, Jr., b Ledwith	9	run out	2
3..Hopperton b Ledwith	9	c Warner b Ledwith	7
4..Simons b Ledwith	2	b Petty	0
5..Jefferson b Ledwith	11	l b w b Petty	3
6..Biggs b Ledwith	6	c Sherriff b Petty	9
7..J. Warner c Ledwith b Petty	0	b Ledwith	0
8..Greathead b Petty	5	not out	2
9..Turner b Ledwith	2	not out	8
10..Perrin run out	1	b Petty	3
11..Easley not out	1		
Byes 16, leg byes 2, wides 3	21	Byes	4
Total	73	Total	39

PYTHIAN VS. OLYMPIAN.—The first eleven of the former and second eleven of the latter club had a very scientific combat for supremacy on Saturday, 14th inst., at West Philadelphia, in which the former were victors by 57 runs. For particulars see score annexed.

PYTHIAN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Purves c Darrach b Barker	6	b S. Crawford	3
2..Stone b Barker	1	b S. Crawford	0
3..Graffin b Barker	10	b S. Crawford	4
4..Robinett b White	0	run out	0
5..S. Wagner b Barker	1	b S. Crawford	3
6..A. Wagner b White	4	not out	10
7..Carpenter b White	0	b Barker	2
8..A. Potts c and b White	0	run out	0
9..Wharton not out	10	c and b Barker	0
10..Howell c Coxe b Kane	6	run out	14
11..Kester c Crawford b Kane	2	run out	1
Wide 1, bye 1, leg bye 1	3	Bye 1, leg byes 4	5
Total	43	Total	42

OLYMPIAN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..White b Howell	6	run out	0
2..Coxe c and b Howell	2	b Graffin	0
3..Bailey run out	2	run out	0
4..Hill c Robinett b Wharton	1	b Howell	0
5..Lisle run out	1	not out	0
6..S. Crawford b Robinett	3	b Wharton	0
7..J. Barker b Howell	11	b Graffin	9
8..Cleeman b Howell	5	b Wharton	1
9..J. Crawford not out	3	b Graffin	6
10..Kane c Stone b Howell	0	c Purves b Wharton	0
11..Darrach b Wharton	1	run out	1
Byes 3, leg byes 2	5	Bye	1
Total	40	Total	18

Umpires..For Olympian, Mr. Carpenter; for Pythian, Mr. C. Eakin.

BALL PLAY.

BASE BALL IN MASSACHUSETTS.—South Walpole, Nov. 21.—MR. QUEEN:—There was a game of Base Ball played at South Dedham, this day, between the Rough and Ready Club, of South Walpole, and the American Club, of South Dedham, the games to be first three in five, twenty-five tallies each, and was won by the Rough and Ready Club in three straight games. The playing of the Rough and Ready Club was good—they have improved very much, for which they are indebted to the Nassapoag Club. The playing of the American was fair—they have considerable to learn and they have taken one lesson from which they will derive a great benefit. The players were—

AMERICAN CLUB.	1st game.	2d game.	3d game.	ROUGH AND READY CLUB.	1st game.	2d game.	3d game.
Jordon	1	1	1	H. Clark	3	4	3
Fuller	1	2	0	McDonald	3	4	3
Burch	1	1	0	W. Boyden	1	3	2
Winslow	0	1	0	Abby	2	4	2
W. Gay	0	1	0	Sheperdson	3	3	3
Budlong	1	2	1	Addams	2	3	3
Force	1	2	0	J. Boyden	2	1	2
Fisher	1	2	0	Haleyburton	1	1	2
Pond	1	1	0	Almond Mory	1	1	0
Guild	0	2	0	Albert Mory	2	1	1
T. Gay	1	1	0	Wiggins	3	0	2
Butterfield	1	1	0	Browning	2	0	2
	10	19	2		25	25	25
Total	31			Total	75		

SOUTH WALPOLE.

BASE BALL.—The "Rough and Ready's" of South Walpole, Mass., played a match among themselves on Wednesday, 18th inst., the first 12 playing the next 8. The victory was with the latter, by 1 point, they having scored 21 against their opponents' 20. A match is on the tapis between this club and the American of South Dedham.

CANINE.

TO BLACK TAN TERRIER FANCIERS.—A handsome brace of black Tan Terriers has just arrived from London, and can be seen at Harry Jennings, Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street. The dog is a handsome small full blooded stock dog and is an excellent rat killer, and his services can be obtained by applying at 49 Madison street. Terms, $5.

CHALLENGE.—Philadelphia, Nov. 23.—I will fight a 28½ lbs. dog against Mat. Kealsh and Jim McGazent's Blue dog of the Bear Ridge, for $100, $200, or $300, in four weeks from the first deposit. If this will suit, please answer through the CLIPPER, for it is my opinion he is a cur, and I would like to make him show the white feather like his son. BUFF.

SCELPER AND CRIBB.—A fight is to take place in Philadelphia, on the 7th of December, between Pat Carroll's 24¼ lb. dog Scelper, and Charley Madera's 24¼ lb. dog Cribb, for $200.

FORFEITED.—"Bryan Berue," the king Monster, was matched against dog Paddy, both of Philadelphia, for a purse of $100 a side, at 32 pounds weight. A forfeit of $10 a side was up, and the "Bryan Berue" party forfeited.

CHALLENGE.—I will fight my dog Paddy, thirty two pounds, for $100 a side, against any dog of that weight in the States, in three or five weeks from the first deposit, bar none, if we can agree to fight in New York. Dog and brass ready at any time, at the Manchester House, Front and Dock streets, Philadelphia.

GEORGE FISHER, owner of dog Paddy.

A BET OF A CURL AND A KISS.—There has been much excitement among politicians during the canvass of the late State election, and many a strange bet made upon its result. A rather singular wager was paid Wednesday last by a young and beautiful lady of this city. The fair one is the owner of a beautiful lot of shining ringlets, and one of these and a kiss were bet that Gardner would be the next Governor. Of course she lost, and the young gentleman gallantly refusing to claim the wager, she with true woman's grit, took the shears, clipped the curl from among its mates, placed it in his hands, and, throwing her arms around his neck, gallantly paid the forfeit. We need not add that the young man will treasure that curl. We should.—[*Lynn Reporter*.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—Last week a match at pigeons for $100 a side came off in Hoboken Meadows, between Mr. James Tomlinson and Mr. James Turner, both of New York. The conditions were to shoot at 55 birds each, 1⅛ oz. shot, and 18 yards rise. The attendance was great, as the greatest interest was excited by the match. Tomlinson has long been known as one of the best shots in the States, though he has been for some time out of practice; while his opponent, who is a son of "Bonnie Scotland" has only recently arrived in this country. He showed some splendid shooting, killing his first 17 birds, missing the 18th and killing the 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d. Tomlinson killed his first eleven, and missed the 12th, 14th, 16th and 18th; Turner thus winning the match. It is but justice to Tomlinson to remark, that his birds were very bad ones. A sweepstakes subsequent to this match, in which Mr. Taylor of Jersey City, Mr. Turner, the winner of the above match, and Mr. Voorskamp were entered was won by Mr. Taylor, who killed all his birds. A match between the latter gentleman and Mr. Turner comes off at the Red House on Thanksgiving day.

THE INVISIBLE DOG,

AND HOW THE FRENCHMAN FIXED THE SNUFF BOX.

THE French people have not, under the influence of the alliance, ceased to have their jokes upon Englishmen, and one of the drollest is told as follows, by the *Union Bretonne*, from which we translate it:

Lord C——, well known for his eccentricities, went lately to the establishment of one of our most celebrated workers in fancy articles.

"I want you to make me," said he, "a snuff box with a view of my chateau on the lid."

"It is very easily done," was the reply, "if my lord will furnish me with the design."

"I will; but I want also, at the entrance, of my chateau, a niche in which there shall be a dog."

"That, too, shall be provided," answered the workman.

"But I want also that some means should be contrived by which as soon as any one looks at the dog, he shall go back into the niche, and only re-appear when he is no longer looked at."

The workman looked inquiringly, as if to ascertain whether his customer was not the victim of some mystification. Re-assured by his examination, and, like a clever man, understanding how to take advantage of the affair, he said to the Englishman:

"What you ask of me is very hard to comply with; such a snuff box will be very expensive, it will cost a thousand crowns."

"Very well, I will pay you a thousand crowns."

"Then, my lord, it shall be made according to your wishes, and in a month I shall have the honor of delivering it to you."

A month later the workman presented himself to Lord C——.

"My Lord," said he, "here is your snuff box."

Lord C—— took it; examined, and said: "This is my chateau, with its turrets, and there is the niche by the door way. But I see no dog."

"Did not your lordship," said the workman, "say that you wished the dog to disappear when he was looked at?"

"I did," replied his lordship.

"And that he should re-appear when he was not looked at."

"That is true, also," was the reply.

"Well," said the workman, "you were looking at it, and the dog has gone into the niche. Put the box in your pocket and the dog will re-appear immediately."

Lord C—— reflected for a moment and then exclaimed, "All right! all right!" He put the box in his pocket, took out of his pocket book three bank bills of a thousand francs each, and handed them to the skilful workman.

A SERMON ON "PITCHING IN."

SPEAKING of sermons, here is one, delivered by "Dr. E. C. Digg," before a very select audience in the lower levee in St. Pauls, Minnesota, the subject being the very popular one of "Pitching In."

"MY DEAR HEARERS: You will find my text, (that is, if you look for it,) recorded in First Samuel, XIII., 5. 'And they came up and pitched in.' The persons spoken of in my text, lived in the East—were wise men of the East—hard, *fighting characters*, regular Philistines. They did not stop to deliberate and write letters, and get answers, and to 'telegraph on;' no, my text says they *came up!* It was done at once, right off, quick, in a moment, hurry-skurry, helter-skelter, *up they came!* And who were they? *Philistines;* from '*Philo*,' to love, and '*tin*,' money. They were lovers of money, and they 'came up.' And what did they do when they had come up? Did they niggle, and haggle, and dicker, and doubt? Did they step about delicately, like Agag when he approached the manslayer? Did they creep towards the edges a little, and peep over, like timid maidens on

'Some rocky steep
Where danger flings himself to sleep?'

"Did they stand outside like cripples at a foot race, and see others gaining the goal and winning the prize? No, my hearers—*three times*, no! My text tells the whole story—they "*pitched in!*" Hence we learn that the proper course for Eastern Philistines, is to 'come up and pitch in.'"

DISSOLVING VIEWS are not so much wondered at now as formerly, and the only way in which we can account for the difference is in the fact that Dr. Gouraud's cosmetic preparations have such a fine effect in rapidly purifying the skin and beautifying the complexion. All who may have occasion to travel, or are undergoing any change of climate or constitution, must infallibly be benefited by the use of those brilliant preparations. In cases where neglect or want of opportunity may have prevented previous attention, the superiority of these articles soon becomes apparent. They are sold in Philadelphia, at T. B. Callendar's, 88 South Third street; and in Boston, at Mr. Bates's, 129 Washington street. But our New York readers can step right in and see the Doctor himself, at 67 Walker street, one door from Broadway.

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TO HOUSEKEEPERS & FARMERS AT THE WEST.

IT HAS LONG BEEN THE GREATEST COMPLAINT WITH HOUSEkeepers at the West, that sufficient female help could not be obtained. There are now in our City thousands of industrious, sober girls, of good character, who are thrown entirely out of employment Many of these are desirous of going to the West, and becoming house servants or domestics.

The difficulty has hitherto been, to find some responsible medium to connect those without work and those wanting work done. The CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY has determined—though the effort is somewhat out of its usual field—to attempt during this season to connect this supply and demand. To do this, and to aid these thousands of poor girls, the West must also lend a hand. They must not expect well trained servants in these girls, as they are not accustomed to house labor; still they are willing and able to learn and only need patience and kindness. Every allowance should be made for mistakes and delays in the beginning of such an enterprise. Those applying must send the fares, as far as they are able; in all cases the Society will return the money, if no girl is found to answer in general the description forwarded. Let not that, which is said to have broken down all previous enterprises of this kind, ruin this—the utter neglect of the West itself to give a helping hand. It is an effort to benefit both sides; the unemployed here, and the families there. All letters must be addressed to Branch Office, CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

The applications enclosing fares will always be attended to first. There will be an understanding, and, if possible, a written agreement with each girl, that her fare is to be deducted from her wages.

Parties applying will state exactly their wants, the wages offered, their Town, County and State, and the cheapest and best way of reaching the place. References from the clergyman, magistrate, or other responsible persons of the town will in all cases be demanded. It will be the endeavor of the Society to send out none but girls with good references, and who are represented to be of good character.

C. L. BRACE, Secretary.

A PHYSICIAN'S LEGACY TO YOUNG MEN.

"The glory of a young man
Is his strength."

From the Sunday Dispatch, New York, Aug. 2d, 1857.

"Our readers are aware that we seldom, if ever, recommend any medical publication, if not endorsed by the very highest authority As such an instance we may mention DR. CULVERWELL'S *new publication on Nervous Debility* and other *weaknesses*, the result of early indiscretion. It is a small but valuable Pamphlet. His preparations, the "REGENERATOR" and "NERVINE," are now considered the sole and only effectual remedies extant for the complaints referred to.

DR. CULVERWELL'S SEMINAL REGENERATOR AND ROYAL NERVINE, the sovereign remedies for Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Piles, &c., are for sale by F. WELLS & Co., 118 Franklin street, New York; and most of the leading Druggists in the country.

DR. C.'S PAMPHLET, as above, containing full advices for the cure o Spermatorrhea, &c., can be had, in a secure envelope, by enclosing 4 stamps to Dr. CHAS. J. C. KLINE, 1st Avenue, corner 19th street, New York, Post Box No. 4586. 27–3m

ART AND SCIENCE OF MANUAL DEFENCE.

THE SUBSCRIBER WOULD MOST RESPECTFULLY INFORM HIS patrons and the public that he is now ready to give instructions in the noble art of Self-Defence, at his spacious rooms, 208 Centre street. Those wishing to form themselves into classes will do well to apply immediately, as delay may preclude the possibility of their being admitted. Terms moderate; and every possible facility given for the prosecution of this healthy and invigorating exercise.
27–3m WILLIAM HASTINGS.

LIFE AND BATTLES OF YANKEE SULLIVAN,

EMBRACING FULL AND ACCURATE REPORTS OF HIS FIGHTS with HAMMER LANE, TOM SECOR, HARRY BELL, BOB CAUNT, TOM HYER and JOHN MORRISSEY. Also the Battles between
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GEORGE KENSETT and NED HAMMOND.
ALF. WALKER and JOE HOILES, the "Spider."
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JAS. HART IS NOW SETTLED IN HIS NEW QUARTERS, NO. 19 Ferry street, Boston, where he will be happy to see his friends, and the public generally. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of good brands, always on hand.
Sparring taught here, by James Hart, assisted by James Hobbs, o London. 25-1m

TO CARD PLAYERS.

I WILL, UPON THE RECEIPT OF ONE DOLLAR, GIVE POINTS OF advantage in the games of Poker, Bluff, Seven-up, Whist, Cribbage, Loo, and Euchre, which points will pay 40 for 1 to those who have an opportunity of playing for money. Cards that you can tell the color, suit and size, by the backs. Price—single pack, $2; Doz. packs, $12. Cribbage Cards, $1.50, single pack. Doz. packs, $8. All orders punctually attended to. DAN'L MORRIS,
25-2t Brooklyn P. O., N. Y.

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THE FOLLOWING BREEDS OF GAME FOWLS, NAMELY, SERgeant, Bull-Calf, Sefton, Champions, Counterfeit, and Tartar: the two last named breeds, as to purity of blood and fighting qualities, have no equals. Price, $3 for one stag, or $5 for a stag and pullet; I will warrant them dead game. Orders must be addressed to WM. M. COOPER, West Chester, Chester Co., Pa., Box 138 Post office.
P. S.—Fowls can be sent safe by express. 11–6m

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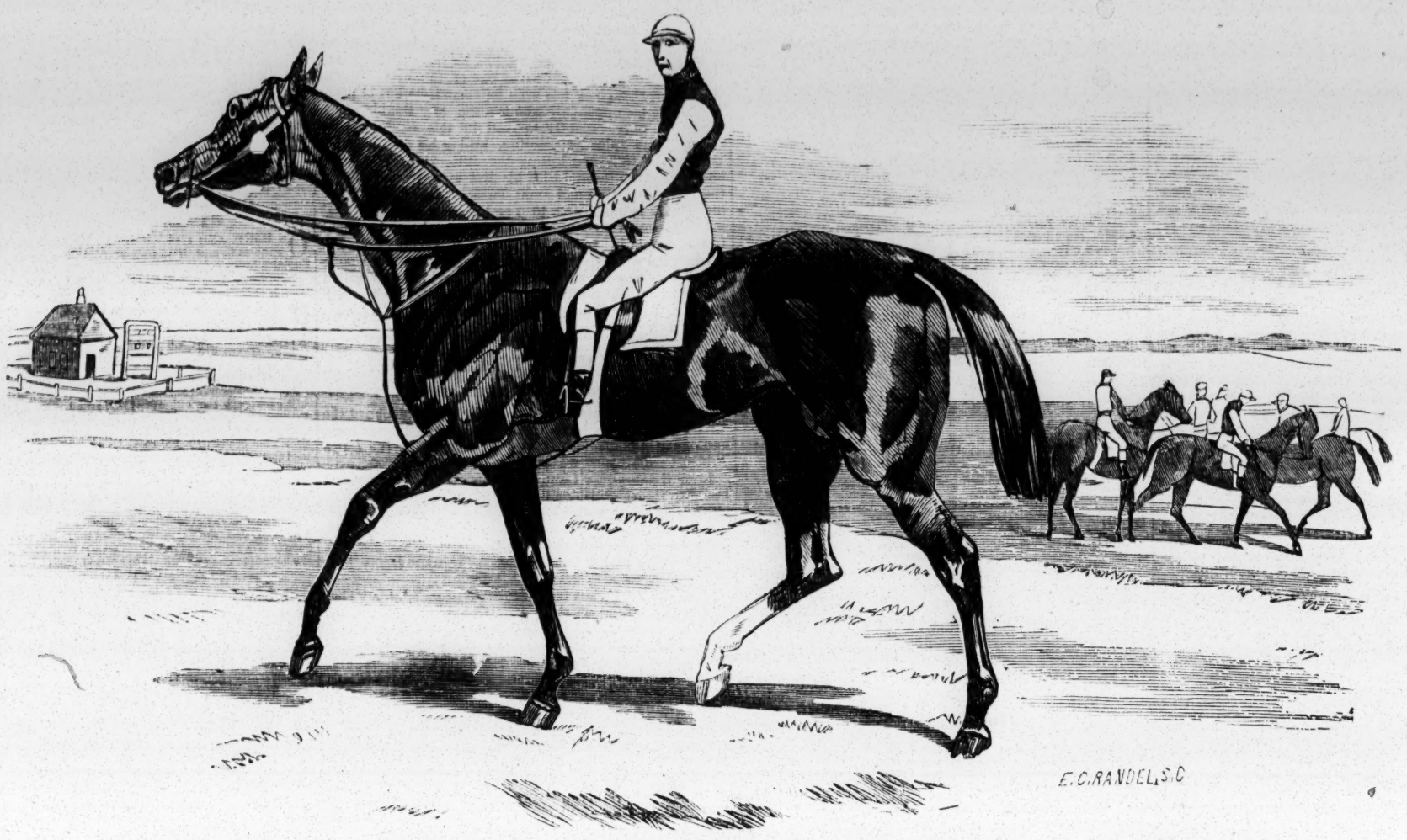
Japan Secret, for preventing an increase of offspring, with full directions, price $2 per package. (Saturdays for the poor.) 30



"ODD TRICK," WINNER OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES AT NEWMARKET.

"ODD TRICK," by Slight of-Hand out of a Hampton mare, bred by Sir Tatton Sykes, Bart., is a chestnut horse, standing 15 hands 3 inches high. His head is lean and blood-like. Light neck; very good shoulder; great depth of girth; long, light barrel; and slack in his couplings. Very powerful quarters; great length from his hip to hock; great arms and thighs. He has a white blaze in his face, and a white off hind leg, commencing just below the hock.

LIFE AND BATTLES OF

JACK RANDALL,

DENOMINATED

THE PRIME IRISH LAD,

OTHERWISE

THE NONPAREIL.

From Boxiana, Published in England in 1818.

THE following remarks were made public previous to the second fight between Randall and Martin:

In consequence of Randall having announced his intention of exhibiting his talents once more in the prize-ring on Tuesday, Sept. 16, 1821, after taking his leave of it upwards of two years since, by a public challenge to all England for 500 guineas a side, it is impossible to describe the interest which this milling event has excited throughout the circles of Fancy. Martin was the last opponent Randall defeated, on May 4, 1819, after 19 rounds, in 49 minutes 10 seconds, without giving the Master of the Rolls a shadow of a chance. But since that period the situations of the above combatants have been most strikingly different, respecting their importance with the amateurs. The extensive practice and success of the Master of the Rolls have made him quite a hero in the sporting world. Joshua Hudson (the game John Bull fighter;) the iron-hitting Cabbage, the terror of Bristol; the slashing, quick-punishing Birmingham youth; the big, strong Gipsy, at Lewes races; the lively, active, and pretty boxer, David Hudson; have all been defeated in succession, and in good by Martin; added to these batches of good luck, he has also received forfeit from Purcell; and likewise conquered the hitherto out-and-out and leary Turner, in a most masterly manner. These actions speak for themselves; and, as a pugilist, he is considered to have made great improvement; and, as a good trainer none excels, and very few can equal Martin. He is more confident than heretofore, and is now looking forward to reach the top of the tree. On the contrary, Randall, contented with having proved the conqueror in twelve battles, left the ring to serve his numerous customers in the capacity of a publican; or, in other words to become a sort of a waste-butt to the Fancy. Being careful as to his person was now out of the question, as Randall had done with the character of a prize-fighter; and as a blue ruin caterer for the amateurs, it was impossible at all times to resist the pressing invitations of his customers to let it pass his lips. These circumstances, as to the stamina, give the chance away of two points out of three; and any boxer who enters the prize ring from such tastes is in great danger of finding it out. At the end of April, in the present year, Randall was so dangerously ill that his recovery was almost despaired of by an eminent physician. In fact, he ought not to have entered the ring again; but, in a moment of irritation, immediately on the defeat of his friend Turner, Randall threw up his hat in the ring against Martin, for £300 a side. This large sum occasioned a little hesitation on the part of the backers of Martin; but, on comparing notes, the above stakes were got together; and the friends of Martin were very sanguine as to his winning. On the match being made, Randall was the favorite at 5 to 4; 6 to 4 immediately followed; 7 to 4 was soon afterwards laid without any sort of delay; 2 to 1, 4 and a half to 1, and even 3 to 1 has been demanded, so high does Randall still stand as a prize-fighter in the sporting world. The Pats are so warm-hearted upon it, that they assert—by de powers, "with or without a constitution, he can bate a batch of the Masters of the Rolls." But this sort of enthusiasm is far from anything like a criteron on the subject. Randall may be the best fighter, but his opponent is only a stone heavier, but he has also the advantage of height and length. The master of the Rolls is far from an indiffrent boxer, and can hit twice as hard as Turner: such is the authority of Scroggins. An accidental blow, however, soon spoils the bets; and the long odds have, in too many instances, been floored, for the clies of the "good Judges." At all events, it is a most interesting feature to the Fancy: and great doubts have been expressed by the "Q in the corner coves," whether Randall is actually well, or only "patched up!" Upwards of £200,000 are depending upon the issue; and one gentleman alone has sported £500 on the Nonpareil. Martin is in his 25th year, and Randall 26. Both of the men are pronounced to be in excellent condition.

NOUVELLE FIGHT

BETWEEN

RANDALL AND MARTIN,

For 300 Guineas a Side, on Crawley-Downs, in Sussex,

31 MILES FROM LONDON.

Tuesday morning, September 16, 1821, long before daylight, (and all the preceding night,) the roads leading to the above place were covered with vehicles of every description, from the high-bred swell to the dingy flue-baker, so great was the interest excited throughout the sporting world, to witness the Nonpareil once more display his superior knowledge in the art of self-defence. The ring was made in a field, within a mile of East Grinstead, in which Martin threw up his hat; but, owing to some misunderstanding between the persons conducting this business, in the absence of the Commander-in-Chief, the fight was removed to Crawley-Downs, but not till hundreds of individuals had paid a heavy toll for passing through a gate; and which sums of money were not refunded on changing the scene of action. For a long time it was thought no fight would take place, and a large assemblage of amateurs were on the funk. By this time the multitude had so increased, that it was deemed necessary to enlarge the ring; and, about three o'clock, Randall, in a white upper top, arm-in-arm with his backers, appeared, and, with much coolness, threw his hat into the ropes. Shortly afterwards, Martin, accompanied by his backers, displaying their white toppers, also approached the ring, and answered the token of defiance, by sending his castor into the ring. Martin was loudly applauded by the spectators. Spring and an amateur were the seconds of the Master of the Rolls, and Paddington Jones and Holt officiated for Randall. The combatants, on meeting each other in the ring, shook hands in the most friendly manner. Current betting, 2 and a half to 1 on Randall.

THE FIGHT.

Round.—On stripping, the frame of Randall was a perfect picture for the anatomist to gaze on with delight; and every person was astonished at the very fine condition he exhibited. The confidence he displayed was interesting and his face had not one trait of ferocity about it, but on the contrary, cheerfulness and true courage. Martin was lighter in person than heretofore, but his condition was said to be, by his backers, equal to the finest race-horse. His legs, which were covered with striped silk stockings, were round and elegant; and the *tout ensemble* was that of a boxer capable of performing great execution; he smiled and appeared confident. On placing themselves in their attitudes, Randall was the object of attraction all over the ring, and he stood as firm as a rock. The position of Martin was good, but he did not appear to stand so steady as his opponent. Both anxious for an opportunity to make a hit. Martin smiled. Randall made a sort of feint with his left hand, which was well stopped by Martin. Manœuvring and dogging each other for a few seconds, which was succeeded by a pause. Randall endeavored to put in a tremendous right-handed blow, but he missed his object. Martin now ventured to take the lead, and exerted himself to make his right and left hand tell; but Randall, with the utmost dexterity, stopped them both. Martin felt tired, and dropped his arms; but, on perceiving Randall ready to take advantage of this opening, he hastily resumed an offensive attitude, when the Nonpareil immediately went to work, and planted a severe right handed hit just above the wind-market which made the Master of the Rolls bite his lips. Another pause succeeded; but the attitudes of the men were uncommonly fine. The action of the muscles was beautiful; and the arms of Martin, and the shoulders of Randall, were perfect studies for the artist, as well as offering a high treat to the admirers of the human frame. The combatants closed on Randall's decoying Martin to follow him to his favorite corner of the ring; and in this situation, often as the Nonpareil had astonished the amateurs with his forte for fibbing, he now put forth such a "bit of truth," as positively to terrify the spectators with the terrible execution he was capable of administering to his opponents. He fibbed Martin with his left hand in the most rapid manner, and then changed him on his arm like a baby, and repeated four or five blows on his face and neck, operating so decisively on the jugular vein, that the eyes of Martin were turned up, and he foamed at the mouth. A few drops of claret flowed, which appeared to have been drawn from his ear, and Randall did not leave him till he was within four inches of the ground. Martin was now so stupid, that the back part of his head fell against the stake, but the mischief had been done before this period. "It's all up," was the cry; and to describe the consternation of the ring, or to depict the countenance of the spectators, would defy even the talents of Lavater. Martin was picked up in a state of stupor, and remained insensible for a long period after time was called. He was carried out of the ring; but, in the course of half an hour, when in bed, and attended by the P. C. doctor, Mr. Hughes, a gentleman possessing very superior talents as a medical man, he recognised Spring, and, on opening his eyes, with the utmost astonishment inquired where he was, and if he had lost it. Randall had only a slight mark on the tip of his nose and under his right eye.

Strange to say, this fight is without a parallel, it having been won in one round, occupying nearly eight minutes. Although so short, yet to an amateur the excellence of Randall was so great, that no one would have complained to go fifty miles at any time to witness such a fine display of the art. In a word, so finished a boxer as Randall was never seen in the prize-ring. The attitude of Martin also attracted great attention and praise, and the extreme caution evinced on both sides, most clearly established the advantages resulting from coolness and a knowledge of tactics. Till the closing occurred, the general opinion seemed to be, that Martin had none the worst of it at out-fighting, but when the Nonpareil got in, (and right truly is Randall named a Nonpareil, for, without any gammon, where is his fellow to be found among the milling coves of his weight?) he held the Master of the Rolls as tight in his grasp, as if he had been screwed up in a vice. After the fight, it was ascertained that Martin did not weigh more than two pound heavier than Randall. The character of the Master of the Rolls had hitherto stood very high in the opinion of the sporting world, respecting his scrupulous attention to training; and it is true, he was never attached to wetting his neck, after the copious style of the late Dutch Sam; but, poor fellow, like his great ancestor, Ould Adam, it is certain he was not proof against the temptation; or as the chaunt more properly conveys it:

"Dear creatures, we can't do without them,
They are all so sweet and seducing to man!"

And "true 'tis pity," and "pity it is, 'tis true!" The Master of the Rolls might not have lost the fight on the above account, had the battle come to a long contest, and stamina been required; but in the present instance, had Martin possessed the strength of a lion, the repeated blows he received on the jugular vein must, as he was, have finished him off hand. The Master of the Rolls attributed his loss of the fight to an accident; he is also hurt in his mind upon the suddenness of the event, and is extremely anxious for another contest. But Randall will not fight any more. It is well known to the principal amateurs of the prize ring, that Randall had frequently promised them, if ever his friend, Ned Turner, was defeated by Martin, he would again enter the lists with him. The Nonpareil had fulfilled his promise; and he resolved to retire from the ring; but at the same time, was anxious to serve, in another way, as many customers as may think proper to challenge him. The Master of the Rolls, although disposed of in the above summary way of Randall, was still considered a dangerous opponent for any one who might call him out. A collection of £13 was made up on the ground for Martin.

Great sums of money were lost on the above fight respecting Time, most of the amateurs betting that Randall did not win it in one hour.

It was curious to observe, on Tuesday afternoon, the interest excited in the Metropolis by this event, especially on the road to Croydon; and near the Elephant and Castle, thousands of persons began to assemble to learn the event, stopping the carriages as they passed along; and in the evening the house of Randall was literally beseiged, at a time when the fight could have been scarcely over at Crawley; and towards the evening, great crowds were collected round all other Sporting Houses. The evening, which was very fine, drew a number of people into the streets, and the hero of the day was as much in the mouth of men as Nelson or Wellington had ever been.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

A MOCK AUCTIONEER.

BURLESQUE SALE OF SLAVES IN NEW ORLEANS.

IF Matt Peel, of the counterfeit darkey fraternity, had been upon the levee on Wednesday, he might have got a happy wrinkle in his line from the performances of the genuine colored gentry. The carte for this entertainment was a burlesque auction sale. One of the darkey men, selected for his tonguey qualities, mounted a box, and in good set auctioneer phrase, announced to a large assemblage of idle negro laborers that he was now about to offer them, for cash, "to de highis bidder in dis crowd, a fus rate boy, a 1, soun and healty, an' warranted not to cut in de eye, balk in de step, nor steal chickens dat don't 'long to him; also' 'ditional, dis boy wars only one par shoe a year, an' dey's good at de eend of it; takes keer on his close partickler, an' nebber goes cortin'; don't go to sleep ober his work, is 'spectful an' 'dedent; is six foot tree inches high, weighs two hundred an' twenty pouns, on' can do more work in house or fiel dan any oder two niggers; 'sides, he eats less dan any oder one nigger. Step up hyar, Sam, an' show yourself to dese gemmen! Libely now! Dar he is, gemmen! 'Mire him for yourselves!"

And the sable auctioneer pointed with triumphat gesture to the subject of this extravagant eulogy—a scrubby, knotty, runted, greyheaded specimen of a field hand, about four feet and a half high, who mounted the box beside him, amidst vast roars of laughter from the crowd.

"Dar he is, gemmen! 'xamine him an' start him at suffin, for he mus' be sole. What does you say?" Several colored "gemmen" mounted the stand and proceeded to "xamine" him. One violently pulled his mouth open, and reported—"Dis nigger not sound—one jaw toof done gone." Another tried to straighten out a lock of his wool with, "Don't like dis—har kink too much—nigger lazy!" Another pretended to discover something besides ideas running through his wool, and concluded "nigger's head too pop'lar," (populous.) Another said "nigger's foot too long an' slim—long foot nigger will steal an' run away; long foot nigger ain't worf jail fees." Another—"nigger's toe-nails too long—scratch pain off'r my parlor floor. No wants dis nigner! Yah! by-ah! yah! ah?"

"Well, gemmen! is you done looking at dat nigger? Is you satisfy? He's a prime lot! What do you say for de boy? Start him at suffin! He's got to be sole—prumptory sale!"

"Ten cent!" came from the laughing crowd. "Ten cent!—ten cent! Going at ten cent—ten—ten—ten."

"One dime" from the crowd. "Tank you, sar! One dime, one dime, one dime—g-o-in' at one dime—d-i-m-e! Too bad, gemmen, make me sacrifice dis artikel dat way! Say 'leben?""

"One bit" from the crowd. "Much 'bliged, sar! One bit—one bit—one bit—bit—bit—bit—bit—goin'—goin'—won't nobody say 'leben for dis A 1, warranted," &c., boy! goin' at one bit—goin'—g-o-i-n'—gone at ten cent! Your, sar, an' a dog sight more dan he's worf!" And he "knocked down" the property to the *quasi* purchaser with a tremendous blow on the head with the barrel stave he used as a "hammer," which broke it in the middle, and "knocked down" the sold party off the box without his apparently feeling the blow, so massive was the conformation of his cranium. That was the greatest auction sale that ever we saw.—*N. O. Delta.*

A SNAKE THAT SWALLOWED A HORSE.

DR. GARDNER in his history of travel relates the capture of a Boa thirty-seven feet long. It was taken, writes Dr. G., under the following circumstances:

"Some weeks before our arrival at Sape, the favorite riding horse of Senor Lagorira, which had been out to pasture not far from the house, could not be found, although strict search was made for it all over the fazenda. Shortly after this, one of his vaqueries, (herdsmen,) in going through the wood by the side of a small stream, saw an enormous sacurnju suspended in the fork of a tree which hung over the water. It was dead, but had evidently been floated down alive by a recent flood, and being in an inert state, it had not been able to extricate itself from the fork before the waters fell. It was dragged out to the open country by two horses, and was found to measure 37 feet in length. On opening it, the bones of a horse in a somewhat broken condition, and the flesh in a half digested state, were found within; the bones of the head were uninjured. From these circumstances we concluded the boa had swallowed the horse entire. In all kinds of snakes the capacity for swallowing is prodigious. I have often seen one not thicker than my thumb swallow a frog as large as my fist, and I once killed a rattlesnake four feet long, and of no great thickness, which had swallowed not less than three large frogs. I have also seen a very slender snake that frequents the roofs of houses, swallow an entire bat three times its own thickness. If such be the case with these smaller kinds, it is not to be wondered at that one thirty-seven feet long should be able to swallow a horse, particularly when it is known that previous to doing so, it breaks the bones of the animal by coiling itself around it and afterwards lubricates it with a slimy matter, which it has the power of secreting in its mouth."

A TREMENDOUS FAST HORSE,

AND HIS RIDER.

MANY years ago a solitary horseman might have been seen swiftly riding towards Toledo, Ohio. The sun had just set in the western horizon. 'Twas the close, in short, of election day, and that solitary horseman was courier from an important township in Lucas county. The returns from every township in the county, but the one we speak of had been heard from at Toledo, and the vote of this very township was needed to tell how the county had gone.

At length the solitary horseman arrived in Toledo, and reined his foaming steed up before the Indiana House. A big crowd—Democrats and Whigs—rushed for the news.

"Better time," said the solitary horseman, looking at his watch, "was never made by live hoss! Fifteen miles in thirty-two minutes! What d'ye think of that, gen'man?" asked the horseman.

"Cuss the hoss," yelled the excited crowd, "how has —— township gone?"

"Gen'lmen," replied the solitary horseman, "I disremember. It went either Whig or Democratic, but I've been so taken with the speed of this 'ere hoss that I forgit which; but, gen'lmen, roared the excited horseman, rising in his saddle and frantically waving his whip in the air, "you may just rest satisfied on one point: All h—ll can't beat this hoss!"

TERRIFIC FIGHT BETWEEN A STALLION AND JACK.—The Columbia, S. C., Mirror says that a terrible fight occurred one night last week, between a fine-blooded stallion and a jack, belonging to Major James H. Webster, of this county, which resulted in the death of the former. The jack literally tore one of the horse's ears out by the roots, and then seizing him by the throat, soon made a finish of him.